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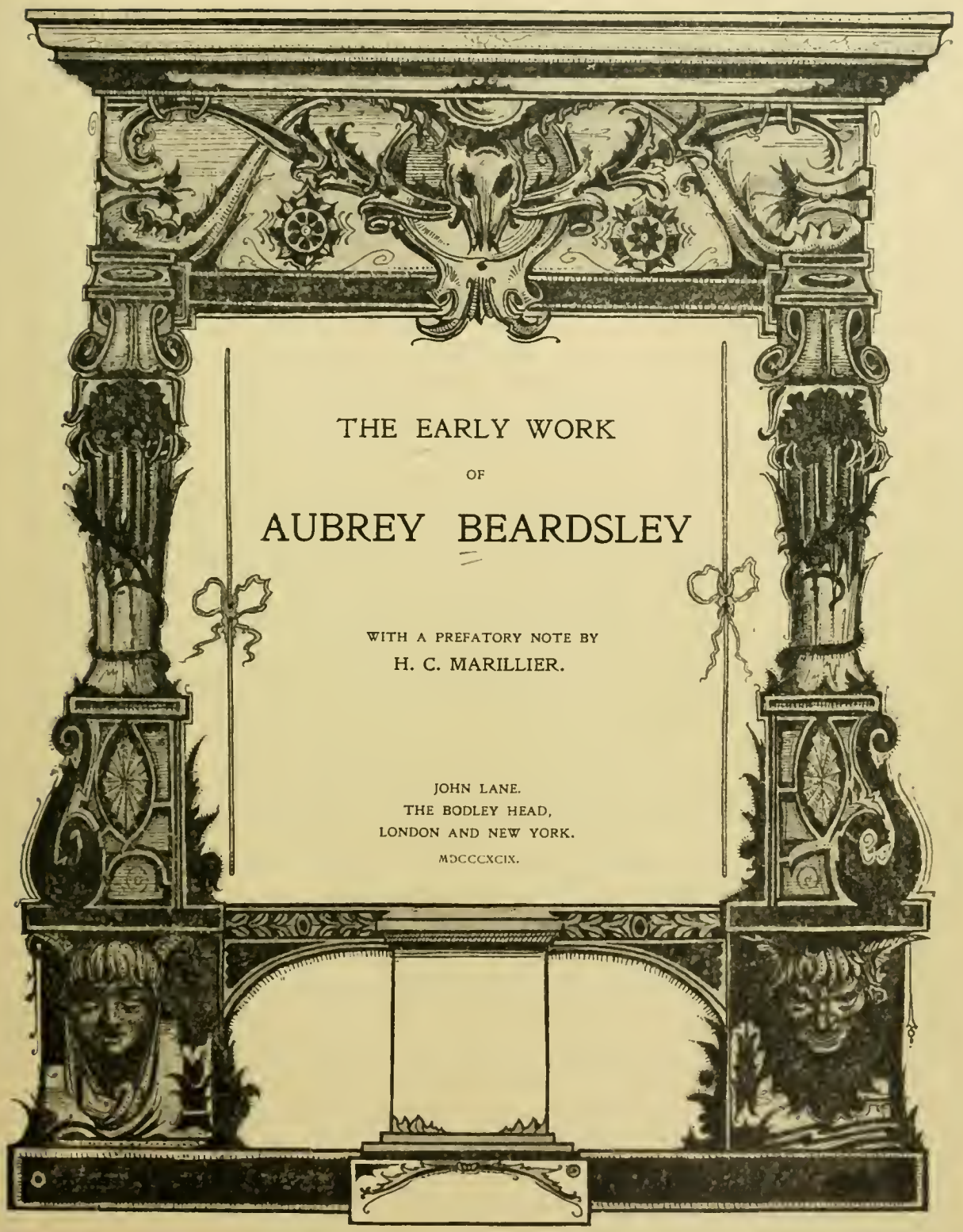
THE EARLY WORK OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY

Aubrey Beardsley.



THE EARLY WORK

OF

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

WITH A PREFATORY NOTE BY

H. C. MARILLIER.

JOHN LANE.
THE BODLEY HEAD,
LONDON AND NEW YORK.
MDCCCXCIX.

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Aubrey Vincent Beardsley.

Born August 24, 1872—*Died March* 16, 1898.

ONE hears it asserted, with a confidence that possibly may be born of a wish, that 'the Beardsley craze is dead.' For such as truly hold this belief it can never have been very much alive; nor is there reason why it should have been. The suddenness of Beardsley's leap into notoriety, the curiosity excited by his audacious invention and novel style, the puzzlement that his work produced on the minds of a steady-going public, sensitive to shocks, are sufficient justification in themselves for those who can see in him only a transient 'craze.' Beardsley never could have been, and never was, intended for the many. His work is seldom of a kind that could be described as popular. Much of it, indeed, is so deliberately regardless of popular prejudices and conventions that one cannot wonder if the public at large found voice to protest against the effronteries of Beardsley at large, and objected to the inroads made upon their forbearance by what they could only regard as incomprehensible manifestations of an unmentionable phase of life.

Making all possible allowance for this attitude, however, it remains a truism that objections do not kill. To a young and rising artist they are as wholesome nutriment as praise; fre-

quently more wholesome. And Beardsley had both. Extravagantly praised and extravagantly hated, he worked in an atmosphere of exotic stimulus which was largely responsible for the eccentricities that developed themselves in his art and in his character. Pricked on upon one hand by the lavish admiration of a group which saw in him more genius than he was really conscious of himself, piqued on the other by the exclamations of a public he was delighted to offend, it is small wonder that his work presented a see-saw appearance, ranging from the nearly sublime to the more than frankly ridiculous. It is this variability, coupled with an extraordinary versatility for changing his style and adopting new ones, that makes it difficult to estimate the true position of Beardsley in the pantheon of art. There are some points, such as the exquisite quality of his drawing, on which all critics are agreed; there are still more on which no two of them can think alike. Yet, however much we agree, or however much we differ in our estimation of his work, one thing at least must be said in reply to those who are so confident of his extermination, viz., that to speak of Beardsley as 'dead' in any but the mere physical sense, which those who knew him best have most cause to deplore, is an error against Truth as well as against the facts. We may leave Truth to take care of herself. Time and art will vindicate her. But as regards facts, which are often a different thing, it may be necessary to point out that the demand for Beardsley's work, which in his lifetime was satisfied by a few monthly instalments in certain recognised periodicals, and a sporadic sprinkling of casual contributions besides, has grown within the last few months, since his death, so much as to call for three

distinct collections, of which the present is the largest in size, as well as, from some points of view, the most important in scope and interest.

The Beardsley 'craze,' indeed—if 'craze' there be—is really just beginning. Those who could appreciate the sterling qualities of his work have always done so, and have probably collected for themselves the scattered outpourings (and occasional off-scourings) of his imagination, marred, as they too often were, by faults of printing or of reproduction. It would be interesting to know how many such collections exist, as they would probably afford some insight into the number of Beardsley's genuine admirers, whose admiration enabled him to thrive. The sumptuous compilations which we are now considering betoken a different public altogether, or at the least a renewed curiosity which requires to be pampered. It is in such passive admiration that there lie the makings of a 'craze.' Not that any one need be less inclined on that account to welcome the reappearance of Beardsley's masterpieces, decently printed, with suitable margins, and in many cases shown for the first time on a scale calculated to do justice to the subtle fineness of the artist's inimitable line-work. Nor will the faithful, I imagine, have cause for regret, seeing themselves enriched at one swoop by the acquisition of very many drawings now difficult to obtain in the form in which they originally appeared, and of not a few others which but for the opportunity thus afforded would never have been published at all. Educationally, moreover, these books should have some value, not necessarily as showing the public what they ought to admire, for each generation will have its own views on this point, but as sum-

marising in a convenient form for reference a phase of art which is extremely interesting in itself, and which has exerted an influence over contemporary artists quite out of proportion to its quantity, to the age and standing of its author, and to the dignity of the subjects with which it treats. It is significant that, although Beardsley has had numerous imitators on both sides of the Atlantic, in his own particular line of work he has remained without a rival. He is not only the inventor, but *par excellence* the master, of his methods. How, except by a freak of nature, so marvellous an intuition, and so perfect a mastery of style ever fell to the lot of an untrained boyish hand, we can never tell. Minerva-like, Aubrey Beardsley seems to have come into the world ready equipped with genius and the power of execution, and so must take his place amongst the rapidly growing ranks of *Wunderkinder*. There is something in the age which tends towards the specialisation of children. Musical prodigies have almost ceased to attract attention, so numerous have they become; and, although precocity in art is rarer than in music, we have at least one classical instance in Oliver Madox Brown, and we see the two little Detmolds exhibiting year after year, alongside adult work, pictures of matured expression and technique. Beardsley was not so precocious as this. His schoolboy drawings, of which several specimens appeared in *Past and Present*, the magazine of the Brighton Grammar School, are as healthily crude and jejune as any one could desire. It was not until he was eighteen or nineteen, an age when most artists are content to be grinding at the student mill, that Aubrey Beardsley (skipping studenthood) came forward with the drawings that at once began to make him famous. In the short

six years of his artistic life, years quite unvaried by adventure, and curtailed by a ravaging disease that periodically incapacitated him from working, there are few incidents that have not already been noted. It is going over old ground to relate how Mr. Joseph Pennell, whose discoveries of latent art in England are amongst the triumphs of critical exploration, also discovered Beardsley, or at least gave him his first public notice, a glowing eulogy in the opening number of the *Studio* (April 1893) which was accompanied by reproductions of 'The Birthday of Madame Cigale,' the 'Revenants de la Musique,' 'Siegfried,' 'Salome with John the Baptist's Head,' and some drawings done for the 'Morte Darthur.' Beardsley at this time, when Mr. Pennell, like Cimabue, found him doing wonderful things with his hands, and exploited him, was in his twentieth year and, although not tending sheep as the parallel might suggest, was slaving at an uncongenial desk in an insurance office. Such drawings as he had were done in leisure hours for his own amusement. Of training he had had none, unless a brief experience of an architect's drawing office could count as such. But now, acting on the advice of Mr. (the late Sir Edward) Burne-Jones, and of M. Puvis de Chavannes, both of whom thought they saw in his early efforts the promise of a brave recruit to the ranks of romantic illustrators, Beardsley abandoned business and took to art as a profession, putting in for a time a desultory attendance at the famous studio of Mr. Fred. Brown. He had little difficulty in obtaining work. Even before the appearance of Mr. Pennell's article in the *Studio*, he had, through the instrumentality of Mr. Frederick H. Evans, always one of his warmest friends, entered into an under-

taking to illustrate the two-volume edition of Malory's 'Morte Darthur' for Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., a task which might well have left him reasonably satisfied and busy for some considerable time, but which, as events turned out, proved a bitter thorn in the flesh. Beardsley, as most publishers who dealt with him knew to their cost, was a curiously nervous and fickle creature. If work pleased him, he was exultant and prompt with it; if it bored him, wild horses could scarcely get it from him. The most sacred engagements, the loudest imprecations failed to move him if they conflicted with his humour at the moment, and, knowing what difficulty he had in bringing himself to complete the promised drawings for the 'Morte Darthur,' one's only wonder is that so little falling off from his original standard is visible in the second volume of the work. Had the drawings been done in the order in which they appeared, the degradation, it is said, would have been more apparent than it actually is. But, making all allowances, the 'Morte Darthur' illustrations are a wonderful accomplishment for a boy of twenty. The amount of invention, to say nothing of the execution, lavished upon the five-hundred and forty-eight vignettes and decorative borders, is prodigious, whilst some of the full-page and double-page pictures show a power of composition and a daintiness of drawing that Beardsley himself never improved upon and that no imitator has succeeded in capturing. It is a pity, and it is one of the things which discouraged Beardsley in the work, that the conditions of the book required a scale of reduction in the illustrations which totally fails to do justice to the fine quality of his drawing; and those who seek to find Beardsley's work in the vignettes or ornaments of

the 'Morte Darthur' should supplement their search by turning up the later full-sized reproductions which have been made of some of them.

The 'Morte Darthur' was not the only work which Beardsley produced, or on which he was engaged, before the appearance of the first number of the *Studio*. Mr. Lewis Hind, who had left the *Studio* to edit the *Pall Mall Budget*, and in this way knew of the young illustrator's talents, employed him on several occasions in a more or less topical capacity. The results can hardly be called happy. The drawings done to illustrate Irving's 'Becket' and the performance of 'Orpheus' at the Lyceum, together with one or two other subjects which the manager of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has allowed to be reprinted here, speak volumes for Beardsley's incapacity to adapt himself to a style of work requiring rapid execution and affording no play to the imagination. With the possible exception of the portraits of Zola, and the four humorous sketches for 'The New Coinage,' Beardsley's incursion into topical journalism was a failure, and was abandoned after a few attempts. It was otherwise with his two contributions to the *Pall Mall Magazine*, also reprinted here, one of which, the design published in the second number of the Magazine (June 1893) under the fictitious title of 'A Neophyte and how the Black Art was revealed unto him by the Fiend Asomuel,' remains to this day one of his most powerful and decorative achievements.

Towards the end of 1893, or the beginning of 1894, Beardsley formed an idea of preparing what he called a Book of Masques, and he was very full of this amongst his friends. The scheme was aban-

doned, but revived later on, in a new shape, when it was proposed to start *The Yellow Book* as a quarterly magazine, with Beardsley as art editor. It is in *The Yellow Book*, more than anywhere else, that Beardsley first came into contact—one had almost written conflict—with the public. It is in connexion with *The Yellow Book*, probably, that he will be most widely remembered, and it is *The Yellow Book* period of his existence that is most prominently represented in this collection of his works. The method adopted by him during this period, though the outcome of previous efforts, is distinctive, and with kaleidoscopic versatility he branched into an altogether different one after its close. If one may employ an illustration from the science of embryology—one not inappropriate to Beardsley's peculiar cast of thought—his art was like the growth of an unborn organism, reflecting at different stages all the traits of a distant ancestry. We see it in a crude archaic form, striving with imperfect means to express the ideas which are already there. We trace its Pre-Raphaelite devotional stage ; its ripe classical period ; and at the last a sort of Romantic epoch, very sensitive and delicate, very decorative, and wonderfully elaborate. Taking the ' Rape of the Lock ' drawings as the cream of this last period, there is much to be said for the judgment of those who consider this work of Beardsley's the best that he ever did. But I doubt very much if it was the most characteristic of Beardsley. For this I believe one must go back to the year, or year and a half, when he was startling the public in the pages of *The Yellow Book*, and frightening even his publisher with the boldness of the drawings for ' Salome.' The public nerves, however, become gradually insensitive to one particular kind of shock, and

thus it is that it has now become possible, I am glad to say, to publish many things which at the time were considered inadmissible. To this category belong two of the illustrations to 'Salome,' which were withdrawn for reasons difficult to penetrate, but doubtless valid at the time. Some other alterations which were made in Beardsley's work it is impossible to restore even if one would, and the wisdom of doing so is not always unquestionable. The *Yellow Book* period of Beardsley's activity not only includes the fifteen illustrations for 'Salome,' a commission obtained for him by the early drawing published in the *Studio*, but also the long series of cover designs for the 'Keynotes' novels, with their initial keys, and a sprinkling of frontispiece drawings for different books, of which that from 'Earl Lavender' is one of the most striking and important. It is pleasant to find among the archives of the *Yellow Book* several unpublished treasures, such as the frontispiece done for a projected 'Venus and Tannhäuser,' the design of which has been used in the cover of this book, and another very decorative design which has been reproduced for a title-page. These alone are almost a justification, if one were needed, for publishing the collected works of Beardsley at this period.

I have ventured to sketch out Beardsley's career roughly in stages, from an embryological standpoint. The reference is opportune for mentioning an idea which I know is held by more than one sympathetic admirer, that if Beardsley had lived he would have developed into something totally different from what he was, possibly into a colourist of great subtlety and originality. He was in the common habit of colouring his black-and-white drawings after they had been reproduced, and one or two things done in

colour—such as the sketch of Mdlle. de Maupin in the possession of Mr. Leonard Smithers, and the original drawing of 'Messalina'—reveal a charming feeling for colour, softened and weakened down as one might expect from such a frail constitution. Beardsley could hardly have been a vigorous colourist. But, be this as it may—and it is sheer guesswork—there is for those who can see it a remarkable suggestion of colour in some of his best black-and-whites. This is a quality possessed by only a few men, and Beardsley himself was quite conscious of it. It has no particular relevance, however, to the notion I have just mentioned, which regards the Beardsley we all know as a beginner cut short just as he was about to blossom forth, a student just about to attain his masterhood, an embryonic being stilled before his proper time of birth.

Beardsley's personality has been admirably handled by Mr. Arthur Symons in the *Fortnightly*, and by 'Max' in a recent number of the *Idler*. I cannot pretend to add anything to their knowledge, which was more intimate than my own. Beardsley, as I knew him, was a model of daintiness in dress, affected apparently for the purpose of concealing his artistic profession. It was part of his pose to baffle the world. He did it in his exterior manner as effectually as in his work. Those who imagine from the character of some of his subjects that Beardsley went about preaching or discussing vice are quite beyond the mark. Externally, at any rate, he was a pattern of moral decorum, warped only into such eccentricities as working by candle-light, with the shutters closed, at drawings of dubious propriety, when outside the sun was shining brightly on a healthy, virtuous world. He preferred candle-light,

and he selected the subjects which amused his fancy, or tickled his instinct for *gaminerie*, and that's an end on't. Max Beerbohm conceives that his mind was still that of the school-boy playing at being vicious, and rather attracted by naughtiness. This may be so, but at the same time it must be conceded that few artists have had such an extraordinarily deep penetration into the hidden abysses of sin, and such a lurid power of suggesting them. It would have been better for his reputation if he had not; but he chose to belong to a modern school of cynicism, and to depict life mostly in its more animal or brutish aspects; and that again is his own affair. It is the artist as he is that one must reckon with, not the artist we could have made him; and to condemn a man for adopting different ideas and a different standard from one's own is as absurd as condemning him for wearing different clothes—which, as a matter of fact, nine out of ten of us are quite ready to do.

It was really, as I think Mr. Symons has pointed out, a lack of reverence that was at the bottom of Beardsley's taste in subject He could draw beautiful subjects as beautifully as any one. I know few things more flawless than his design of a 'Venus standing between Terminal Gods,' or 'The Coiffing,' which appeared in the *Savoy*. Certainly there is no suggestion of vice in these, or in scores of his other drawings. His 'Venus and Tannhäuser' was to have contained no ugly suggestions. Even when in his love of shocking the public he deliberately chooses a vicious type, his true passion for beauty expresses itself in the manner of his execution. This manner of execution it has become fashionable to refer to as 'Beardsley's line.' I do not know who was first responsible for

pointing out the beauties of the Beardsley 'line,' but, whoever it was, I could have wished that he had accompanied it with some explanation of what is meant by the phrase. Beardsley had many 'lines,' all exquisite in execution, and of varying degrees of fineness, the most remarkable being somewhat akin to an angler's line, as may be seen to perfection in the drawing for 'Salome,' entitled 'The Peacock Skirt.' But a 'line,' as the phrase is now commonly understood, such a 'line' as that of Forain, eloquent in its bold simplicity of manifold unexpressed details, Beardsley does not seem, at all events to me, to possess. There may be hints of it. Mr. Gleeson White, in the *Studio*, instanced the wan, pinched face of the dead Pierrot in one of the *Savoy* illustrations, which none would dispute, and many of the outline drawings in this volume contain a sense of modelling, wonderfully implied; but this compression of method is certainly not the main, nor even an important feature of Beardsley's work. Paradoxically I can imagine some one retorting that his forte is rather his 'mass.' The point is not worth pursuing, for it belongs to that slippery region of problems which depend upon the meaning of terms. Some people may see in Beardsley's work the perfection of what they call 'line,' and for them Beardsley's 'line' must possess a definite technical meaning.

One thing at all events is clear, and that is, that Beardsley was essentially a decorative artist. All his arrangement and handling of subjects, his treatment of the human figure, his use of landscape, was subordinate to the ultimate decorative effect. No trace of 'naturalism' ever creeps in to mar the set convention of his work. In his treatment of nature he is as formal as any missal scribe of

the fifteenth century, as mannered as the old Egyptian or the modern Japanese. Conformably, he was quite indifferent to what may be called the dramatic or historical unities. He would cheerfully clothe Isolde in an *outré* Parisian 'confection,' or Messalina in an ostrich-feather hat—nay, has done both. The decorative effect was all he cared for, and, if the public failed to appreciate the humour of his anachronisms, so much the worse for them. The source of his decorative inspirations has often been canvassed, though a good deal of it is fairly obvious. In his earliest drawings worthy of mention, the 'Morte Darthur,' the 'Procession of Jeanne d'Arc,' 'Hamlet following the Ghost,' 'Hail Mary,' 'Perseus and the Monstre,' and others which any one can find for himself, he was under considerable obligations to the most generous of his early patrons, Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Then the Japanese caught his wayward fancy and gave us the 'Femme Incomprise' (*To-day* and *Idler*), 'Madame Cigale,' and indirectly much of *The Yellow Book* work, in which, however, he developed a new conceit, which fully deserves to rank as original. His passion for Pierrot, the most pathetic as well as the most humorous conception that has come down to us, stands evident in his latest as well as in some of his earliest work, and it is interesting to learn, on the authority of an old school friend, that he was immensely affected when a mere boy by the influence of 'L'Enfant Prodigue.' I have recently heard another theory advanced which may be worth mentioning, to account for the very persistent use of rococo ornamentation in his drawings of furniture, candelabra, wall-hangings, &c. This peculiarity is so striking as really to suggest some concrete source of inspiration,

and, odd as it may sound, this source of inspiration was not improbably the florid gaudiness of the interior of the Brighton Pavilion, of which, in his school days, Beardsley was something of an *habitué.* The Casino, at Dieppe, doubtless contributed also its quota of ideas. One might go on indefinitely proposing models for individual pieces of work, if one cared to and if the subject were worth pursuing. But, broadly, it may be taken as a fact that Beardsley, if himself inimitable, was nevertheless highly imitative; that he could purloin a method, and so absorb it as to render it wholly his own; that when he apparently changed his style with lightning rapidity, as in the transition from his *Yellow Book* to his 'Rape of the Lock' manner, he did not really evolve some perfectly novel convention, but merely worked up a fresh 'rave'—in this particular instance the style of the eighteenth-century French engravers.

That his transitions took a certain form and order I have ventured to indicate above, but the idea of a chronological or embryological sequence must not be pushed too far—indeed, it is necessary to qualify almost any statement that may be made about so complex and variable a being. Beardsley himself signified his consciousness of the breaks in his method of working by adopting successive forms of signature. In his earliest (juvenile) drawings he is always 'A. V. B.,' or 'Aubrey V. Beardsley.' Later, he dropped the 'V.,' and used only the first and third initials of his name. In the illustration to 'Pastor Sang' he appears to acknowledge a debt to Dürer by ranging his initials in the form of the well-known Dürer monogram. He might more appropriately

have borrowed the 'L. H.' of Mr. Housman. A long series of drawings, beginning with the 'Questing Beast' plate in the 'Morte Darthur,' and continuing down through the *Pall Mall Budget*, 'Salome,' and what may be generically classified as *The Yellow Book* period, are signed with what has been called his Japanese mark, three strokes ranged in a particular manner, with or without dots or other ornamental accessories. The apotheosis of this device will be found on the reverse side of the cover of this volume, reproduced from the 'Salome.' In his later work Beardsley mostly wrote his two names in full, in capitals, along the bottom border line of the drawing. All sorts of variations occur at different times, which may mean something, or nothing. In an ordinary person they would mean nothing, but Beardsley was not an ordinary person, and his subtleties were infinite, inviting and yet often defying analysis.

Separate mention should be made in this connexion of the two drawings which appeared in *The Yellow Book* under fictitious signatures. These were the Mantegna head, which was signed 'Philip Broughton,' and a pastel study of a Frenchwoman, signed 'Albert Foschter.' Both are to be found reproduced in this volume in their proper places chronologically. Beardsley's purpose in indulging in this freak was an idea of 'scoring off' the critics who were accustomed to attack his work as soon as it appeared. He did not care much about unfavourable criticism; he rather enjoyed it than otherwise; but he could not resist the temptation, during one of his transient avatars, of setting a trap by varying his style. Mr. Max Beerbohm declares that the plot was entirely successful,

and that one reviewer solemnly advised Beardsley to 'study and profit by the sound and scholarly draughtsmanship of which Mr. Philip Broughton furnished another example in his familiar manner.' I must confess that, although I was in the secret of the *alias*, I never saw this profound piece of criticism upon it; but, if it really appeared anywhere, I can well believe that Beardsley was 'greatly amused and delighted' by it.

All who knew Beardsley will bear witness to many pleasant personal traits: his extraordinary love of music, his rippling wit, his wide range of reading, his capacity for hard work without even appearing to be busy. He worked mostly at night. His many-sidedness has been briefly summed up in the first paragraph of Mr. Symons's memoir, which I venture to quote.

'He had the fatal speed of those who are to die young; that disquieting completeness and extent of knowledge, that absorption of a lifetime in an hour, which we find in those who hasten to have done their work before noon, knowing that they will not see the evening. He had played the piano in drawing-rooms as an infant prodigy, before, I suppose, he had ever drawn a line. Famous at twenty as a draughtsman, he found time, in those incredibly busy years which remained to him, to deliberately train himself as a writer of prose, which was in its way as original as his draughtsmanship, and into a writer of verse which had at least ingenious and original moments. He seemed to have read everything, and had his preferences as adroitly in order, as wittily in evidence, as almost any man of letters; indeed, he seemed to know more, and was a sounder critic, of books than of pictures; with perhaps a deeper feeling for

music than for either. His conversation had a peculiar kind of brilliance, different in order, but scarce inferior in quality to that of any other contemporary master of that art ; a salt, whimsical dogmatism, equally full of convinced egoism and of imperturbable keen-sightedness. Generally choosing to be paradoxical, and vehement on behalf of any enthusiasm of the mind, he was the dupe of none of his own statements, or indeed of his own enthusiasms, and, really, very coldly impartial. He thought, and was right in thinking, very highly of himself; he admired himself enormously ; but his intellect would never allow itself to be deceived even about his own accomplishments.'

What drove him out of his many different accomplishments to seek art as his chief field is not quite clear. It may have been the advice of Burne-Jones and of Puvis de Chavannes ; it may have been the scent of an immediate and satisfying *réclame ;* it may have been the necessity for making money. Probably all of these causes conspired. Why, turned artist, he should have developed such a grim satirical humour, is equally uncertain, unless it were his affection for Juvenal grafted on the bitterness of one who knows that he is in the grip of death, that few and evil must be the days of his life. Over all this, like Pierrot, he wore a brave mask, and faced his tragedy with a show of laughter. How he suffered, how he worked, he never permitted to be seen. If the irony took a grim form sometimes in the jests that he flung to the public, in the scorn he allowed himself to feel for a world that had not got to die, can we wonder ? Pierrot's humour has mostly a subacidity, or we should fail to relish it.

Aubrey Vincent Beardsley.

Those who live healthy normal lives, unracked by hemorrhage, untroubled by genius, may try to picture the life of one harassed by both at once. They may hate the man's work if they must, and if their souls are built that way, but they might try and find some spark of sympathy and admiration for the man. One can scarcely realise what it means to have only six real years of life, and to feel that they are precarious. To have done as much in them as Beardsley did, of actual solid work, is no mean achievement, apart from the fact that so much is work of almost microscopic delicacy. A great deal of it too, one is apt to forget, is work of unsullied beauty—free from the questionable traits which have hurt his reputation with the public. Finally it must not be lost sight of that the *rôle* he played was that of a satirist; that in depicting vice he held it up for scourging; that in exaggerating its fanciful side he but accentuated its squalid and horrible reality.

Poor Beardsley! His death has removed a quaint and amiable personality from amongst us; a butterfly who played at being serious, and yet a busy worker who played at being a butterfly. Outwardly he lived in the sunshine, airing bright wings. Inwardly no one can tell how he suffered or strove. It is well to avoid self-righteousness in judging him. As the wise pastry-cook says in *Cyrano*,—

'Fourmi, n'insulte pas ces divines cigales.'

H. C. Marillier.

Kelmscott House,
Hammersmith.

Early Drawing of Holywell Street

By permission of Mr. C. B. Cochran.

Holy Dell
Street

Hail Mary

By permission of Mr. Frederick H. Evans.

HAIL MARY

'Perseus and the Monstre'

From a Drawing in the possession of Mr. Aymer Vallance.

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PERSEUS AND THE MEDUSA HEAD

Pencil Sketch of a Child

By permission of Mr. Frederick H. Evans.

'Perseus.' Design for a Panel. Unfinished

By permission of Mr. Frederick H. Evans.

PERSEVS

A Pencil Sketch of Figures, from the back of 'Perseus'

By permission of Mr. Frederick H. Evans.

Two Figures in an Attic

By permission of Mr. Frederick H. Evans.

The Procession of Jeanne d'Arc

By permission of Mr. Frederick H. Evans.

Sandro Botticelli

From a Drawing in the possession of Mr. Aymer Vallance.
By permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

SANDRO BOTTICELLI

Angel with Organ

From a Sketch in the possession of Mr. Aymer Vallance.
By permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

Vignette

From a Drawing in the possession of Mr. Aymer Vallance.
By permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

'Of a Neophyte, and how the Black Art was revealed unto him'

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Magazine*.

The Kiss of Judas

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Magazine.*

THE KISS OF
JUDAS

Design for Frontispiece to
'Virgilius the Sorcerer'

By permission of Mr. David Nutt.

Design for Frontispiece of Björnson's Drama, 'Pastor Sang'

By permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. and Mr. Elkin Mathews.

Cover Design for 'The Studio'

Reduced. Two states. By permission of Mr. Charles Holme.

THE STUDIO
AN ILLVSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF FINE AND APPLIED ART.
SIXPENCE MONTHLY

THE STUDIO
AN ILLVSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF FINE AND APPLIED ART.
SIXPENCE
OFFICES 16 HENRIETTA ST
COVENT GARDEN. LONDON
MONTHLY

'Siegfried'

From 'The Studio.' By permission of Mr. Charles Holme.

Madame Cigale

From 'The Studio.' By permission of Mr. Charles Holme.

THE BIRTHDAY OF
MADAME CIGALE

Revenants de Musique

From 'The Studio.' By permission of Mr. Charles Holme.

LES REVENANTS
DE MVSIQVE

Design for 'Salome'

From 'The Studio.' By permission of Mr. Charles Holme.

J'AI BAISÉ TA BOUCHE
IOKANAAN
J'AI BAISÉ TA BOUCHE

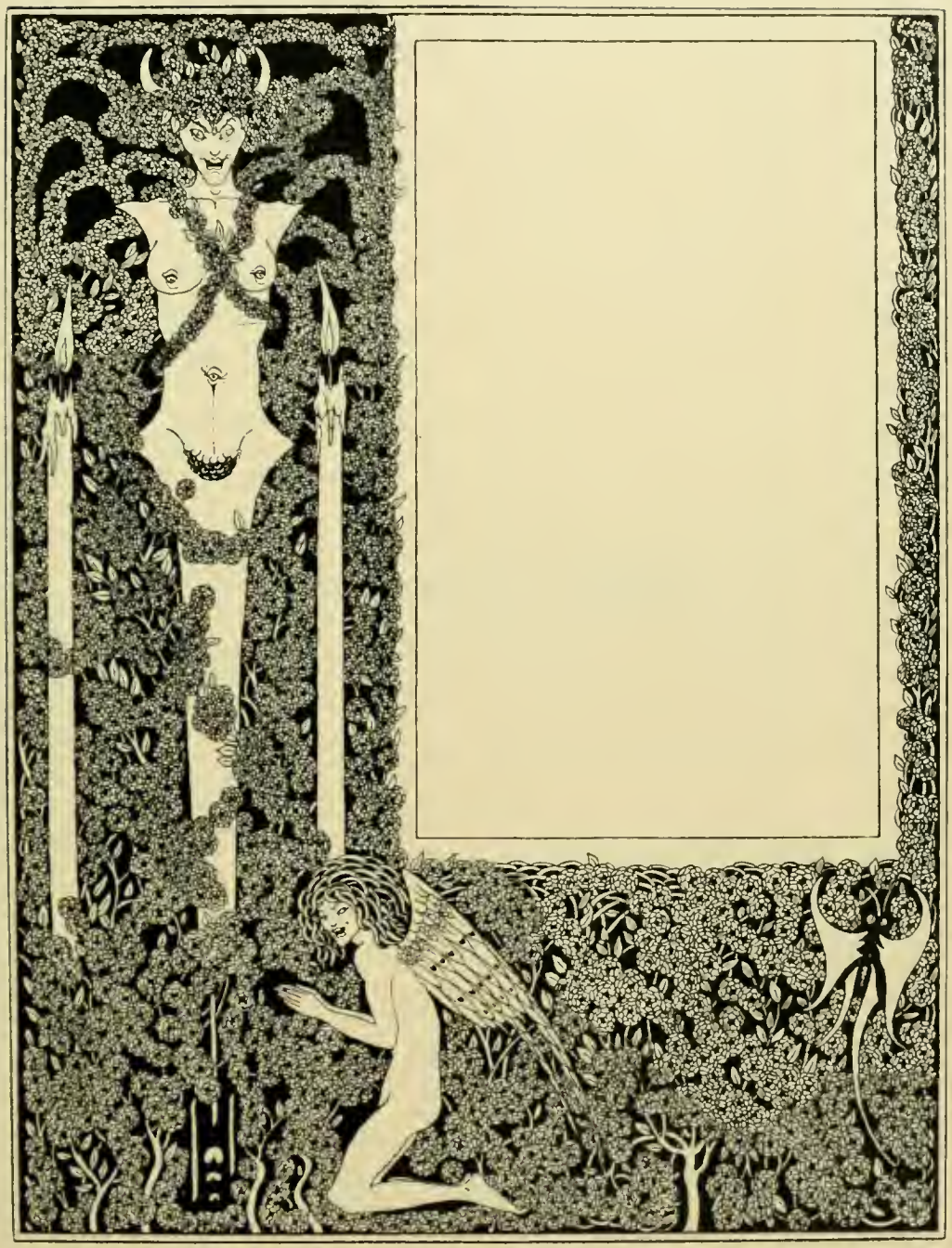
Isolde

From 'The Studio.' By permission of Mr. Charles Holme.

ISOLDE

Design for Front Cover of 'Salome'

Design for Title Page of 'Salome.'



Contents Border Design.

From 'Salome.'

The Woman in the Moon.

From 'Salome.'

The Peacock Skirt.

From 'Salome.'

The Black Cape.

From 'Salome.'

A Platonic Lament.

From 'Salome.'

Enter Herodias.

From 'Salome.'

The Eyes of Herod.

From 'Salome.'

The Stomach Dance.

From 'Salome.'

The Toilette of Salome

From 'Salome.'

The Dancer's Reward

From 'Salome.'

The Climax

From 'Salome.'

Design for Tail Piece

From 'Salome.'

FIN

The Toilette of Salome. First Drawing

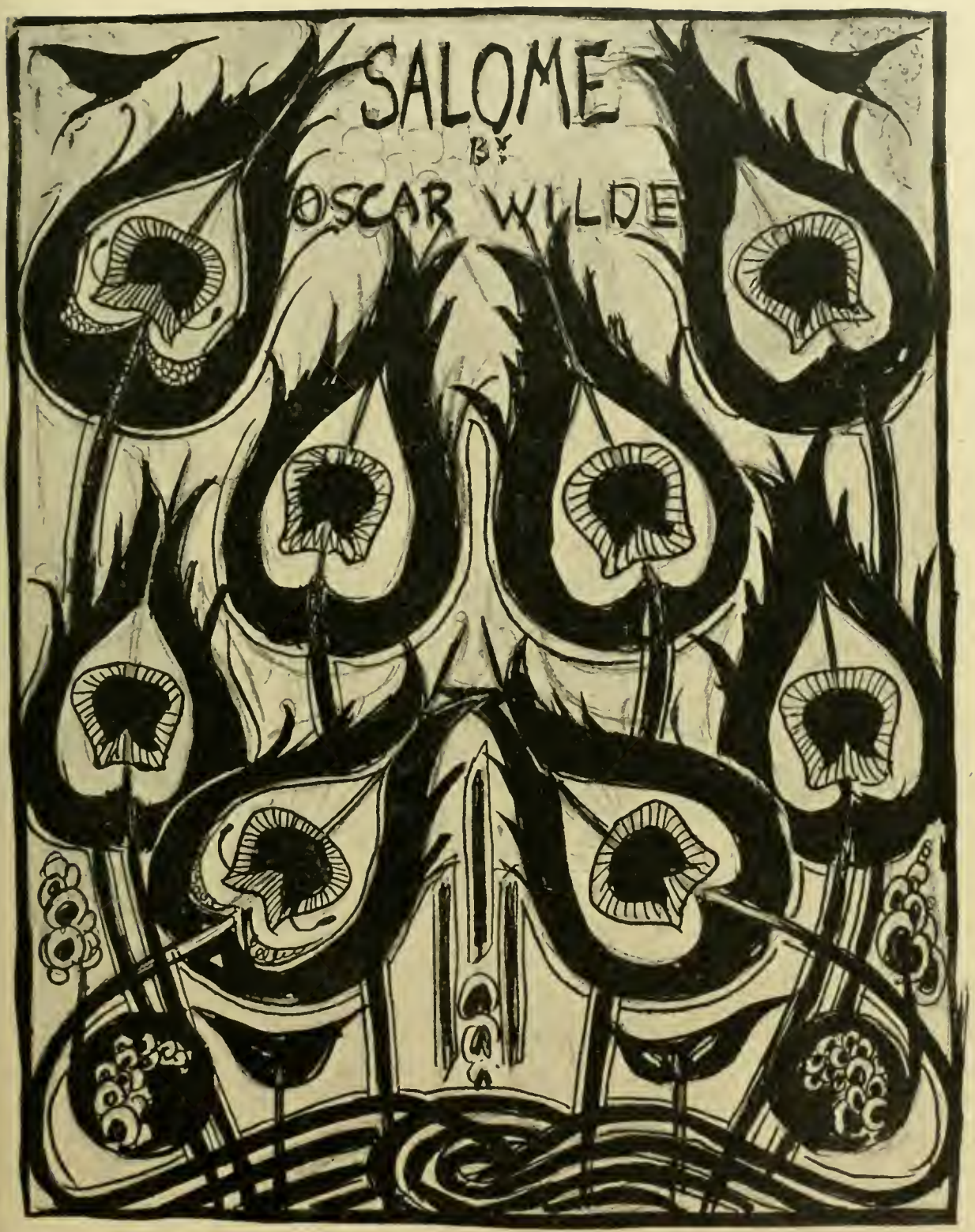
Hitherto unpublished.

John and Salome

Hitherto unpublished.

Original Sketch for Cover of Salome

Hitherto unpublished.


SALOME
BY
OSCAR WILDE

Sketch Portrait of Himself

Sketch Portrait of Mr. Henry Harland

Design for Cover of *Yellow Book* Prospectus

THE YELLOW BOOK

AN ILLVSTRATED QVARTERLY.

PRICE
FIVE SHILLINGS

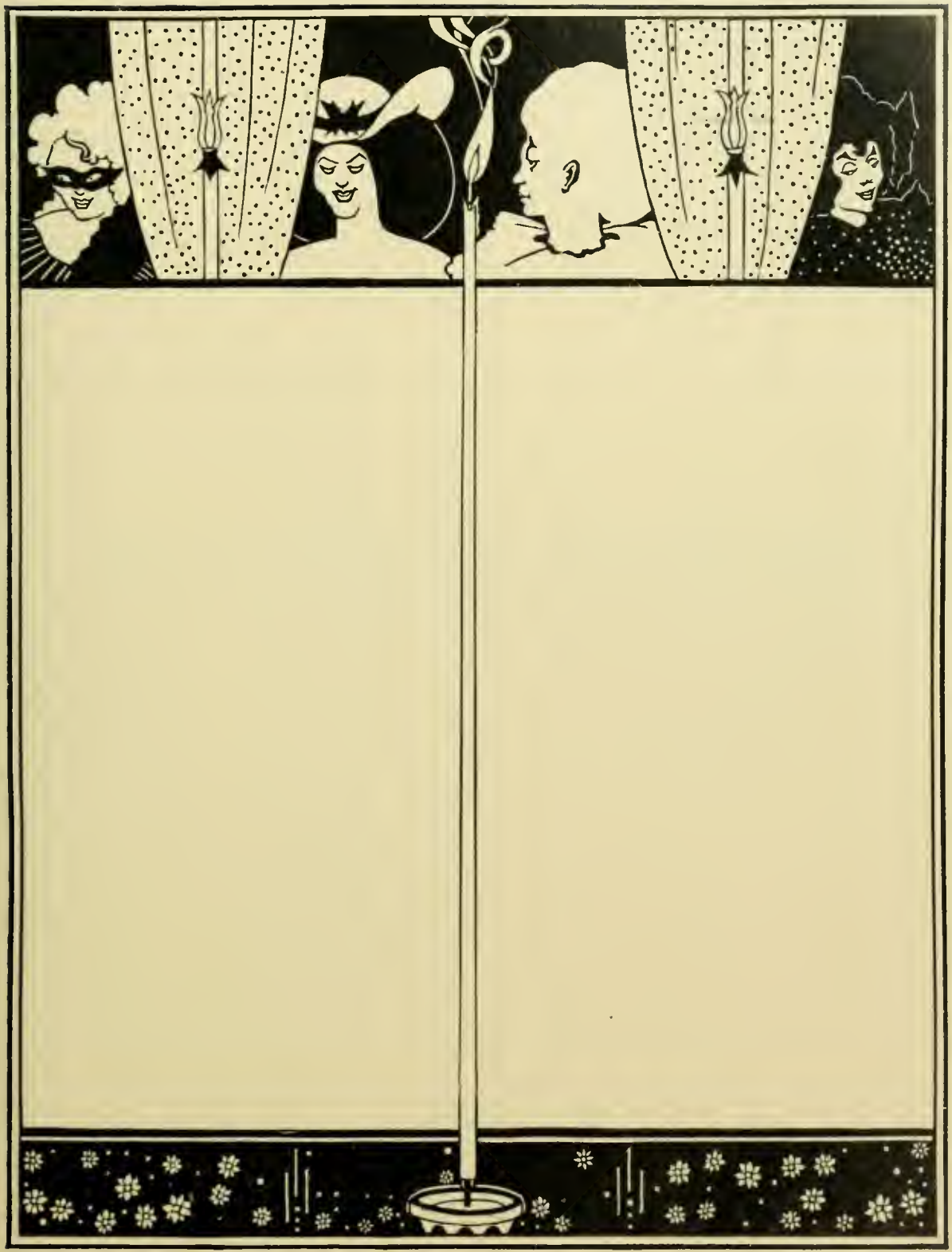
ELKIN MATHEWS
AND JOHN LANE.
THE BODLEY HEAD
VIGO ST. LONDON

APRIL 15th
MDCCC XCIV.

Cover Design for *The Yellow Book*

Volume I.

Design for Reverse Cover of *The Yellow Book*



Title-page Ornament for *The Yellow Book*,

Volume I.

L'Education Sentimentale

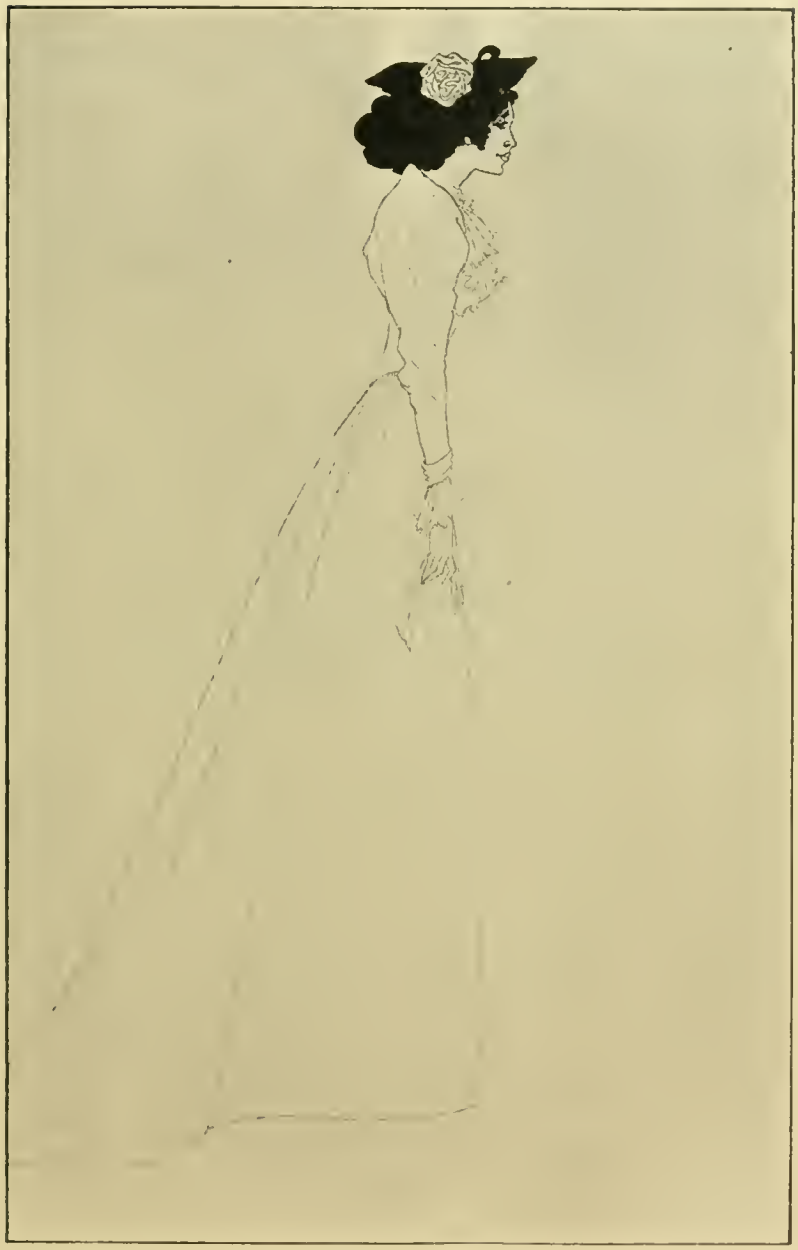
From *The Yellow Book*, Volume I.

Night Piece

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume I.

Portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume I.



Book Plate

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume I.

EX LIBRIS
JOHN
LVNSDEN
PROPERT
1893

Cover Design for *The Yellow Book*

Volume II.

Title-page Ornament for *The Yellow Book*,
Volume II.

Comedy-Ballet of Marionettes, I.

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume II.

Comedy-Ballet of Marionettes, II.

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume II.

Comedy-Ballet of Marionettes, III.

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume II.

Garçons de Café

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume II.

The Slippers of Cinderella

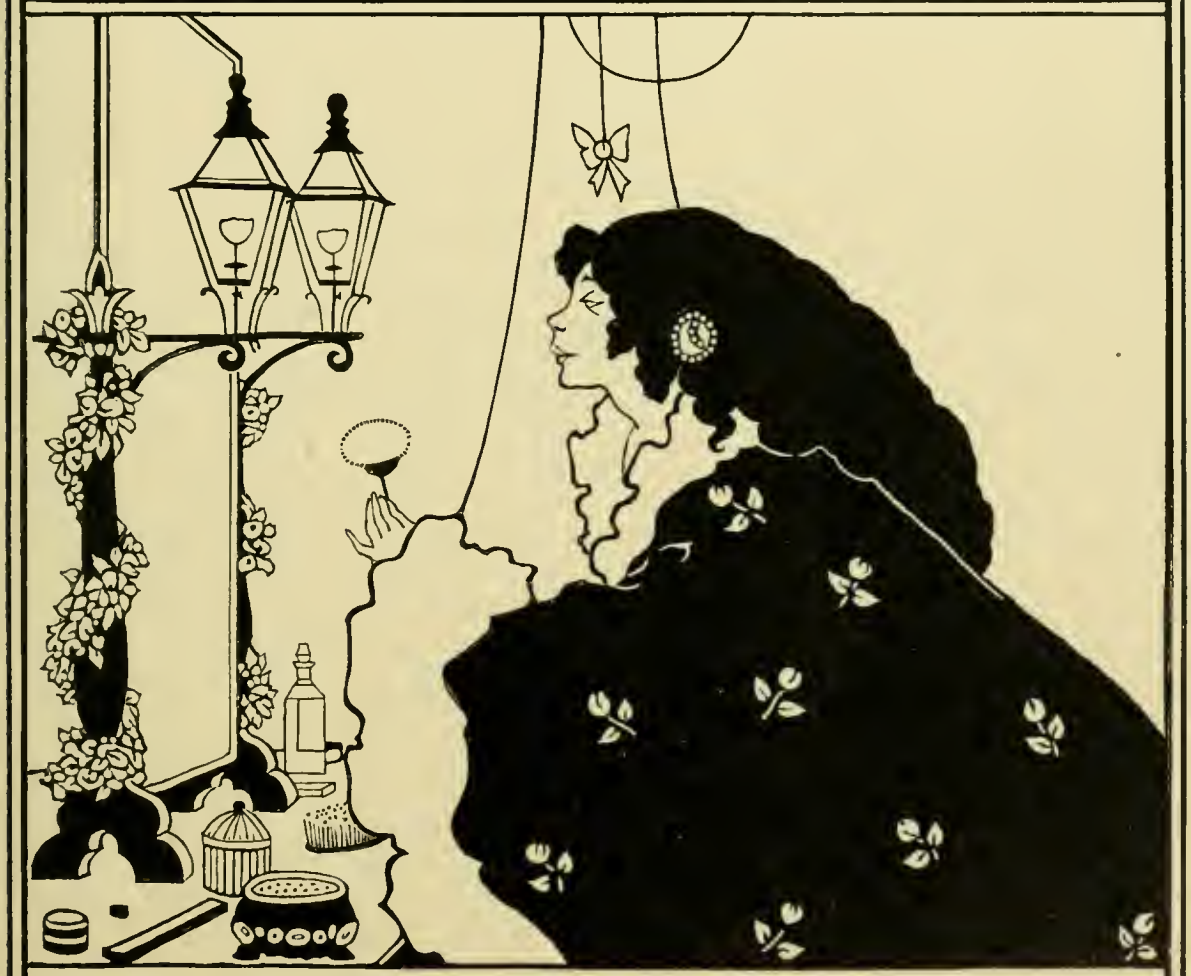
From *The Yellow Book*, Volume II.

Portrait of Madame Réjane

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume II.

Cover Design for *The Yellow Book*

Volume III.



Title-page Design

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume III.

Portrait of Mantegna. (By Philip Broughton)

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume III.

ANDREAS. MANTEGNA.
PAINTER.
AND.
ENGRAVER. OF PADVA.
1431 — 1506.

Portrait of Himself

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume III.

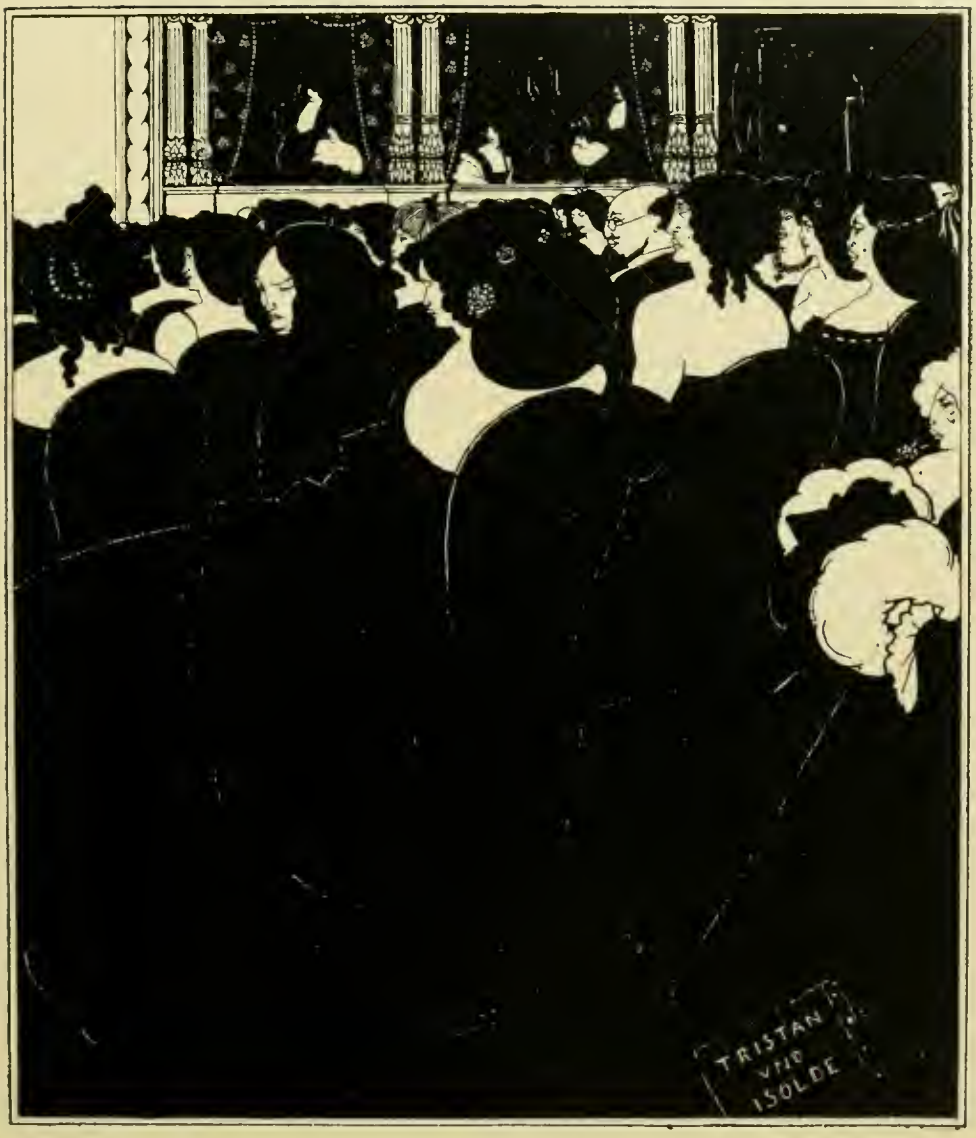
PAR LES DIEVX
JVMEAVX TOVS
LES MONSTRES
NE SONT PAS EN
AFRIQVE.

Lady Gold's Escort

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume III.

The Wagnerites

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume III.


TRISTAN
VND
ISOLDE

La Dame aux Camélias

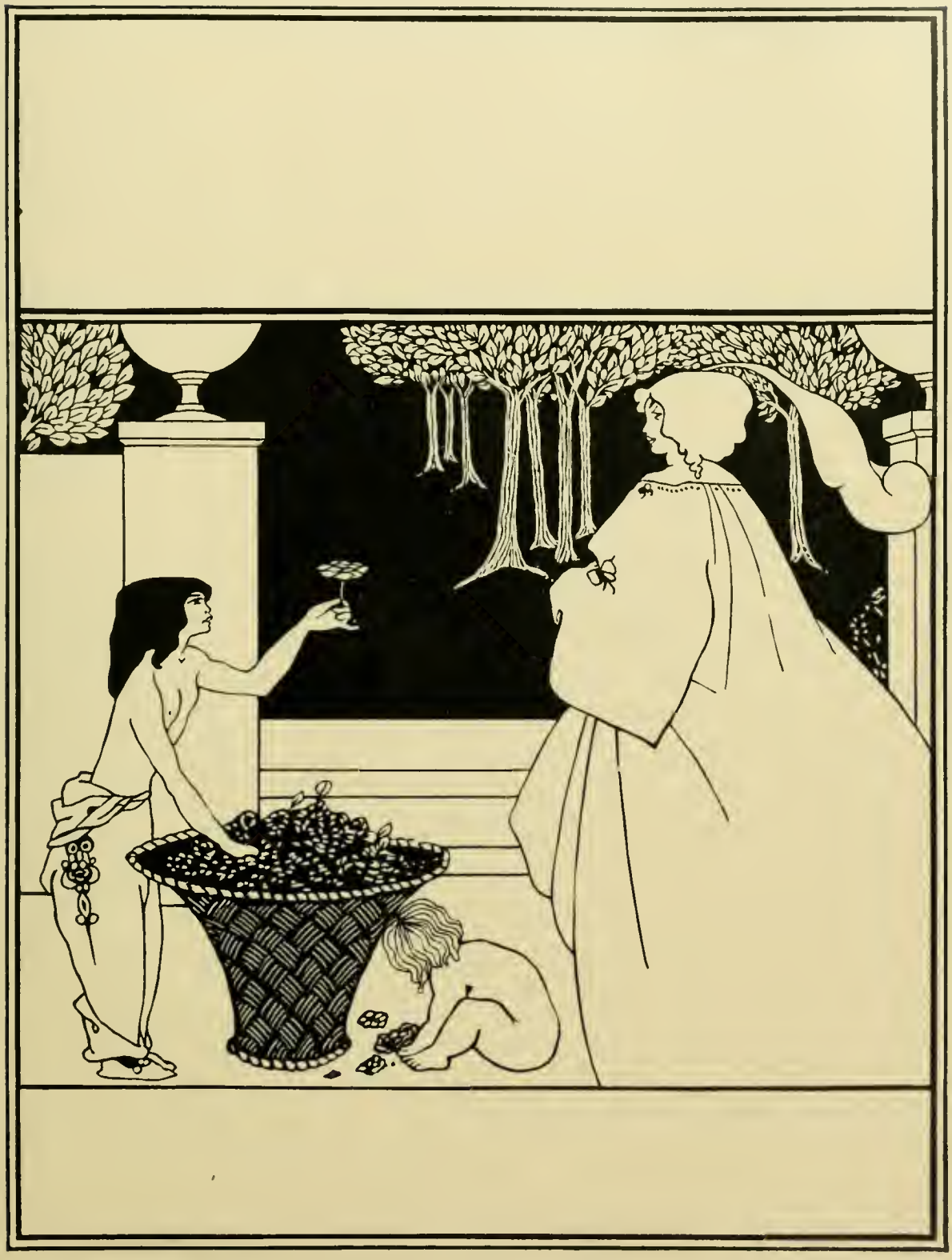
From *The Yellow Book*, Volume III.

'From a Pastel.' (By Albert Foschter)

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume III.

Cover Design for *The Yellow Book*

Volume IV.

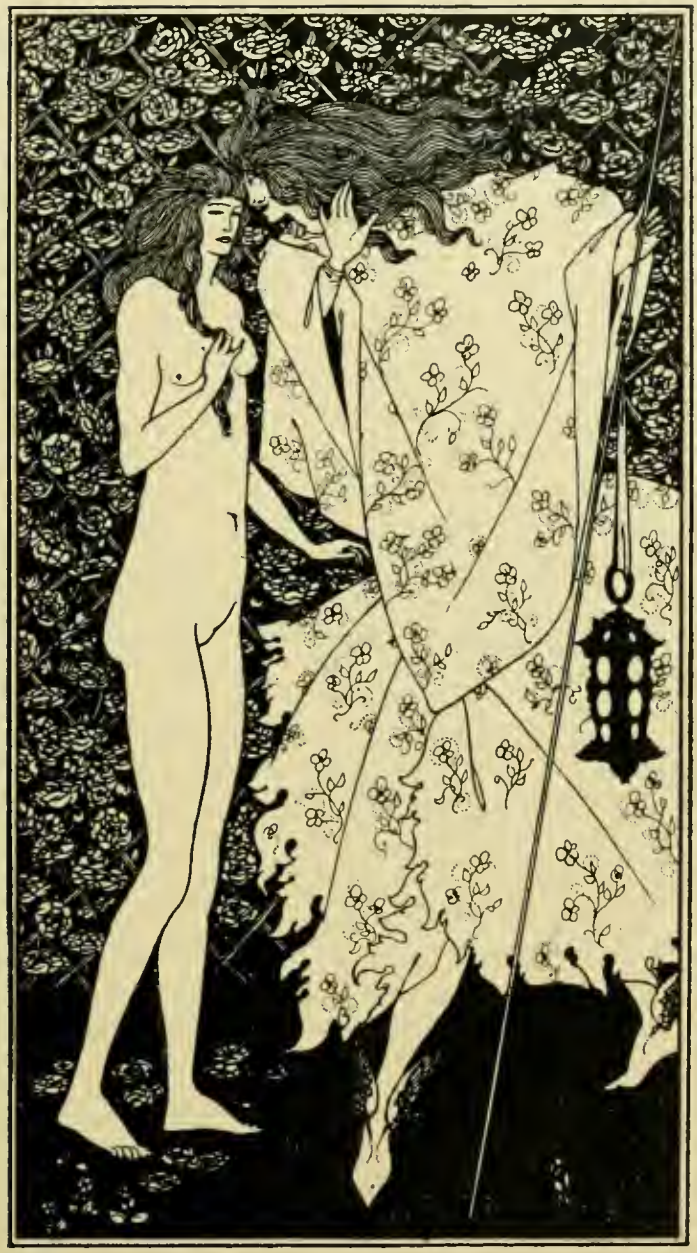


Design for Title-page

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume IV.

The Mysterious Rose Garden

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume IV.



The Repentance of Mrs. . . . .

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume IV.

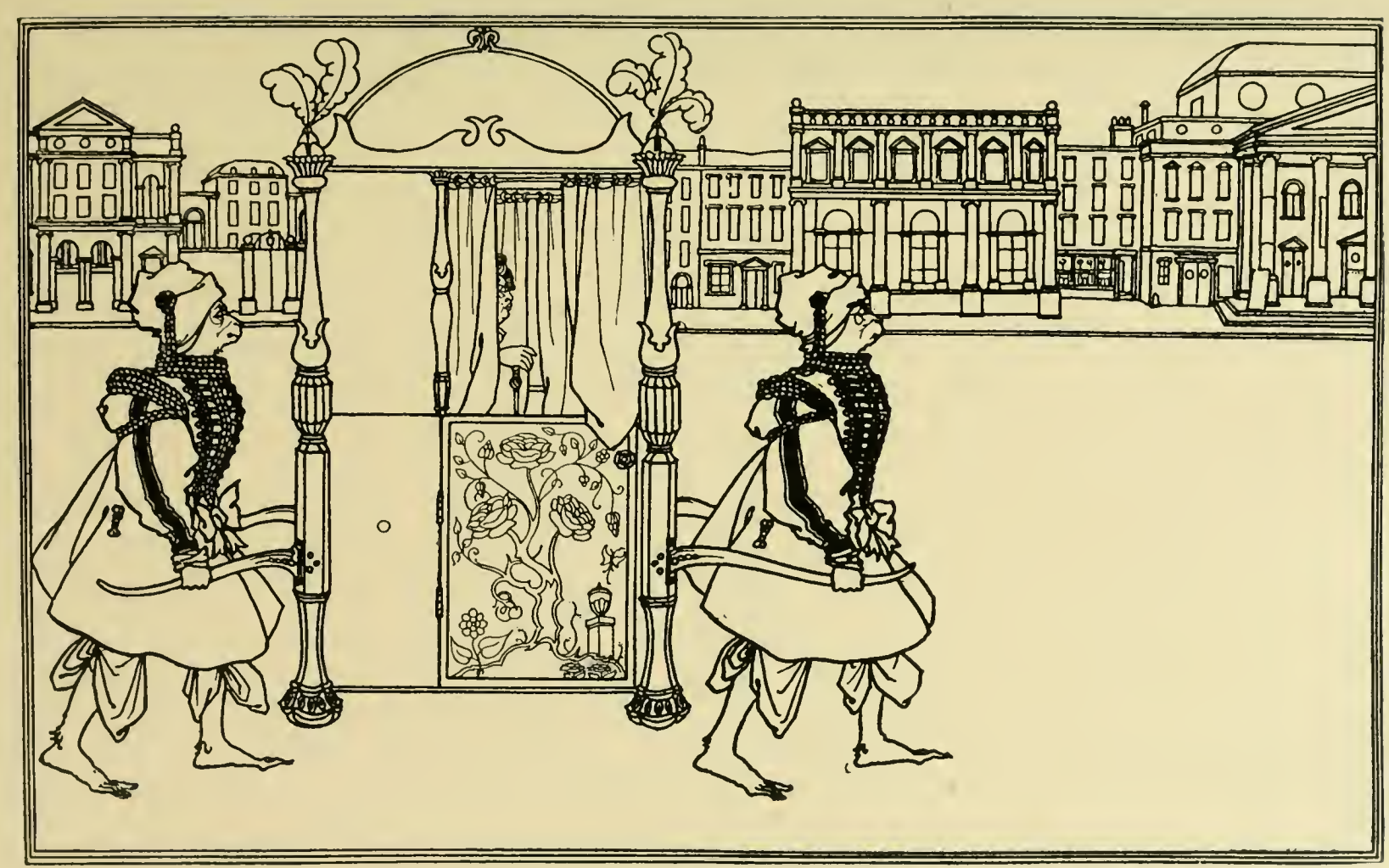
THE REPENTANCE
OF Mrs .....

Portrait of Miss Winifred Emery

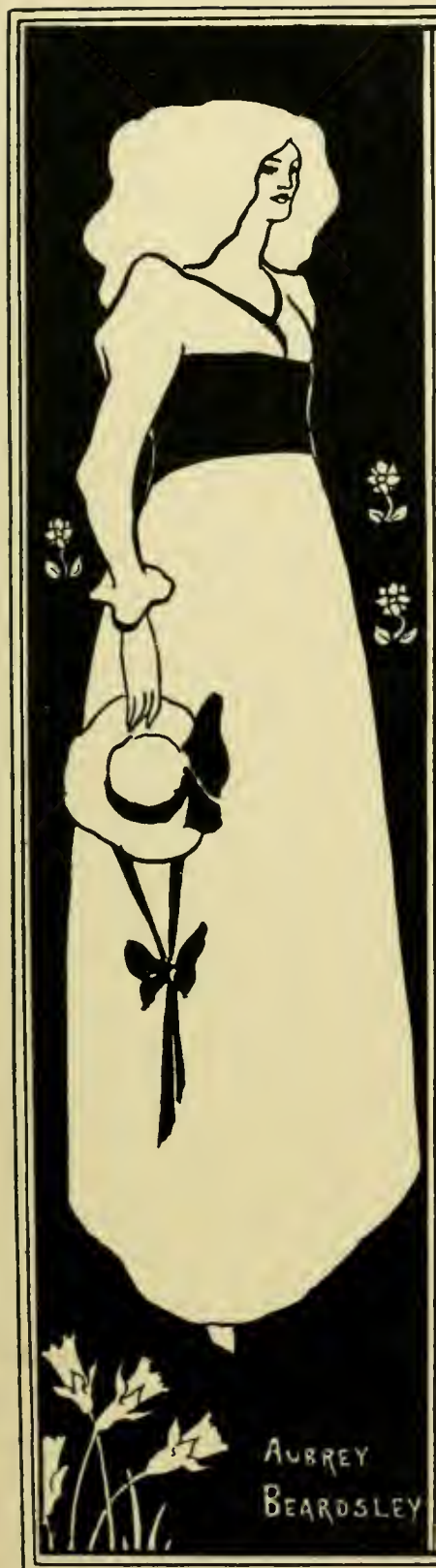
From *The Yellow Book*, Volume IV.

Frontispiece for 'Juvenal'

From *The Yellow Book*, Volume IV.



A Poster for *Yellow Book*


AUBREY
BEARDSLEY

A Poster

Hitherto unpublished.

Design for *Yellow Book* Cover

Hitherto unpublished.

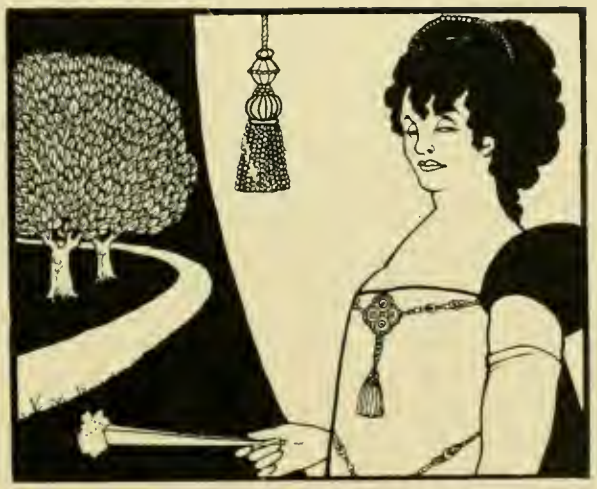
STORY OF VENUS AND TANN HAUSER
DICKENS
THE YELLOW BOOK
DISCORDS
SHAKESPEARE

Design for a Book Cover

Hitherto unpublished.

Title-page Ornament

Hitherto unpublished.



'Messalina'

Hitherto unpublished.

Maîtresse d'Orchestre

Hitherto unpublished.

Title-page Ornament

Hitherto unpublished.

Design for Frontispiece to
'An Evil Motherhood'

By permission of Mr. Elkin Mathews.

'Black Coffee'

Hitherto unpublished.

Portrait of Miss Letty Lind

Hitherto unpublished.

'Atalanta'

Hitherto unpublished.

Design for Cover of 'The Cambridge A.B.C.'

By permission of the Rev. W. Austen Leigh.

AUBREY
BEARDSLEY

Design for Frontispiece of 'Earl Lavender'

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AUBREY
BEARDSLEY

Design for Frontispiece of 'Plays' by John Davidson

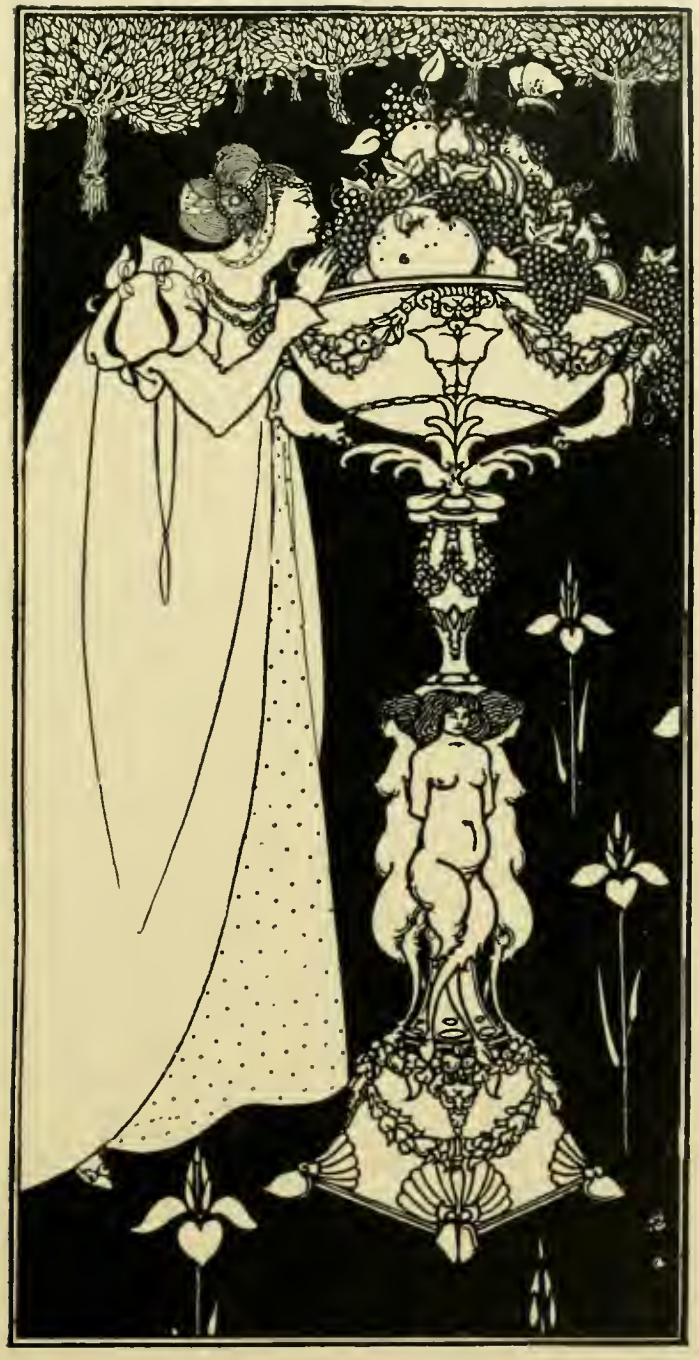
Design for Title-page of 'Plays' by John Davidson

A Child at its Mother's Bed

From the 'Sketch.' By permission of Mr. Max Beerbohm.

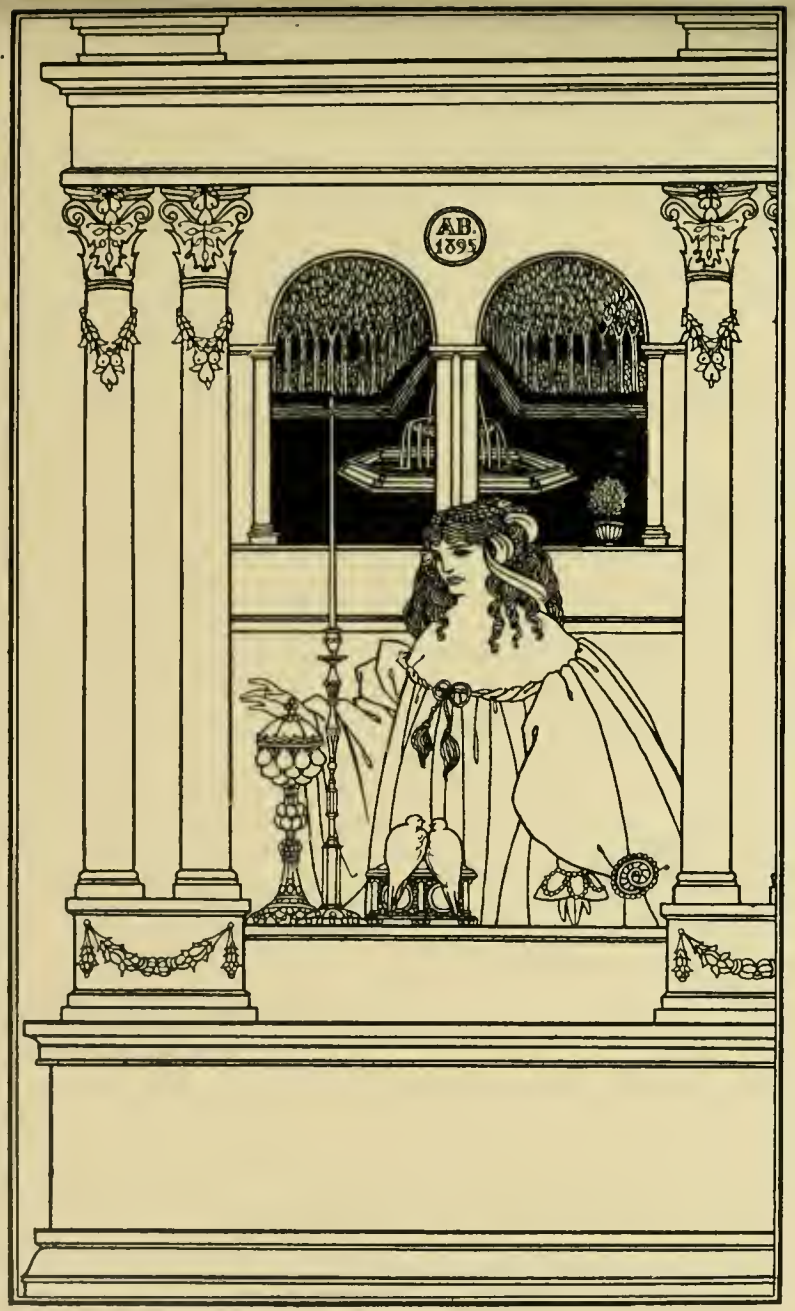
Autumn

From a design for a calendar hitherto unpublished.
By permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.



Frontispiece and Title-page Design for
'Venus and Tannhäuser'

Hitherto unpublished.



THE STORY OF VENUS AND TANNHÄUSER, IN WHICH IS SET FORTH AN EXACT ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER OF STATE HELD BY MADAM VENUS, GODDESS AND MERETRIX, UNDER THE FAMOUS HÖRSELBERG, AND CONTAINING THE ADVENTURES OF TANNHÄUSER IN THAT PLACE, HIS REPENTANCE, HIS JOURNEYING TO ROME, AND RETURN TO THE LOVING MOUNTAIN. By AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

Design for Title-page (Venus)

Hitherto unpublished

VENVS

Head Piece

By permission of Mr. Henry Reichardt.

Head Piece

By permission of Mr. Henry Reichardt.

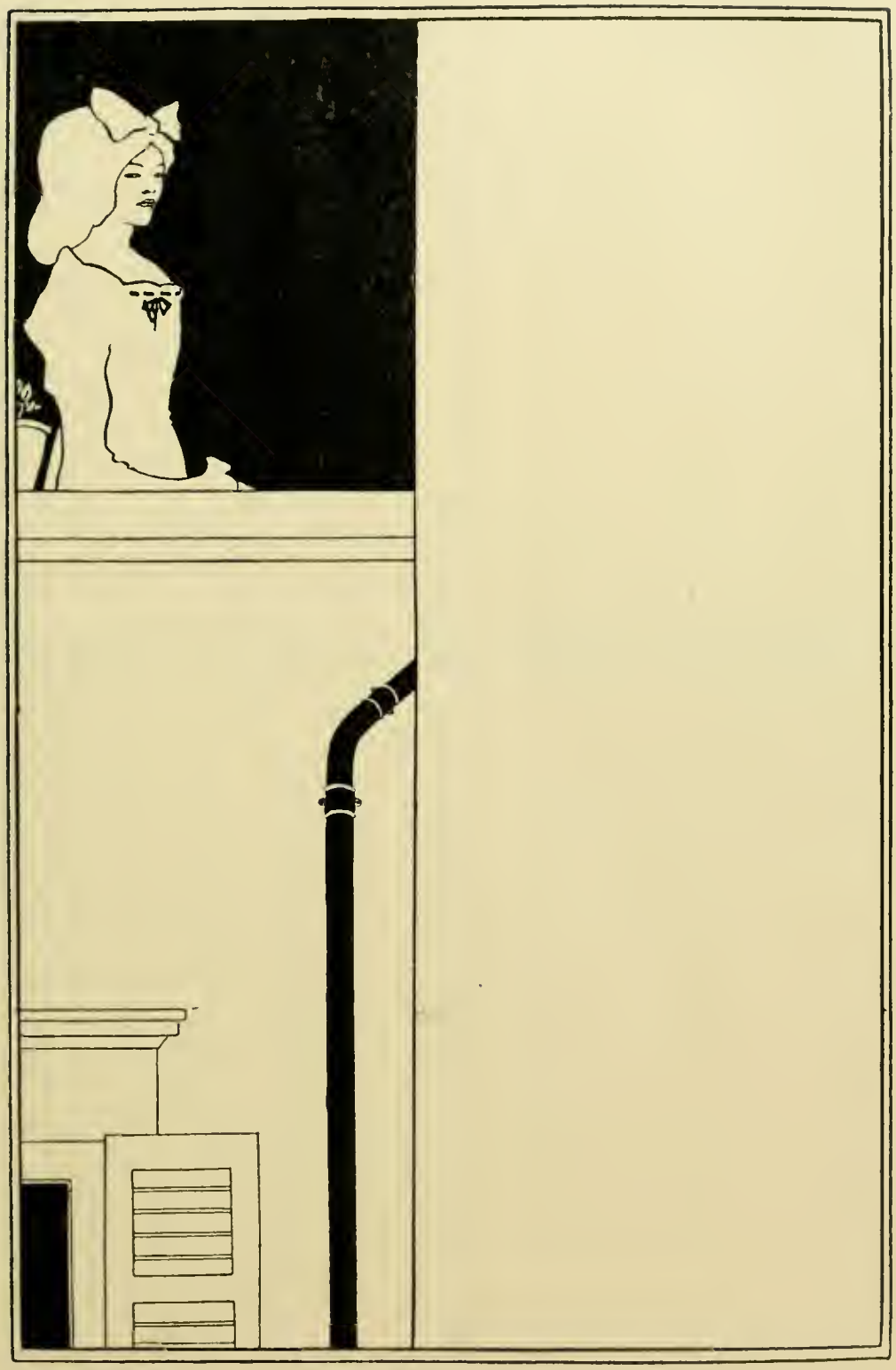
Head Piece

By permission of Mr. Henry Reichardt.

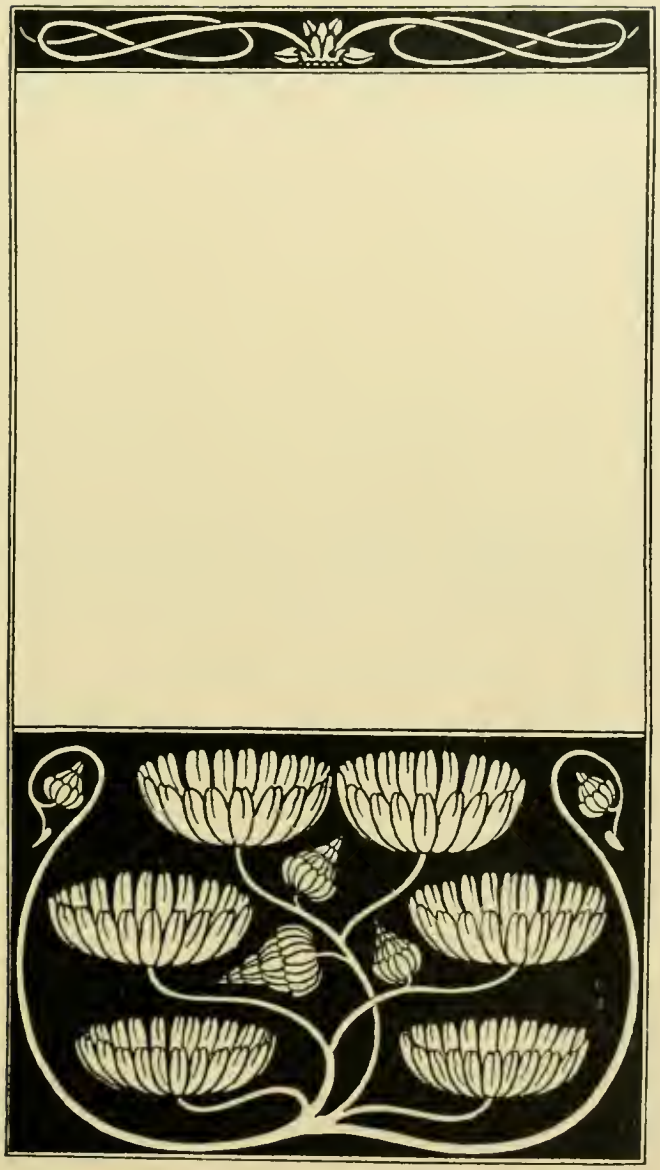
Design for Cover of 'Keynotes'

Design for Cover of 'The Dancing Faun'

Design for Cover of 'Poor Folk'



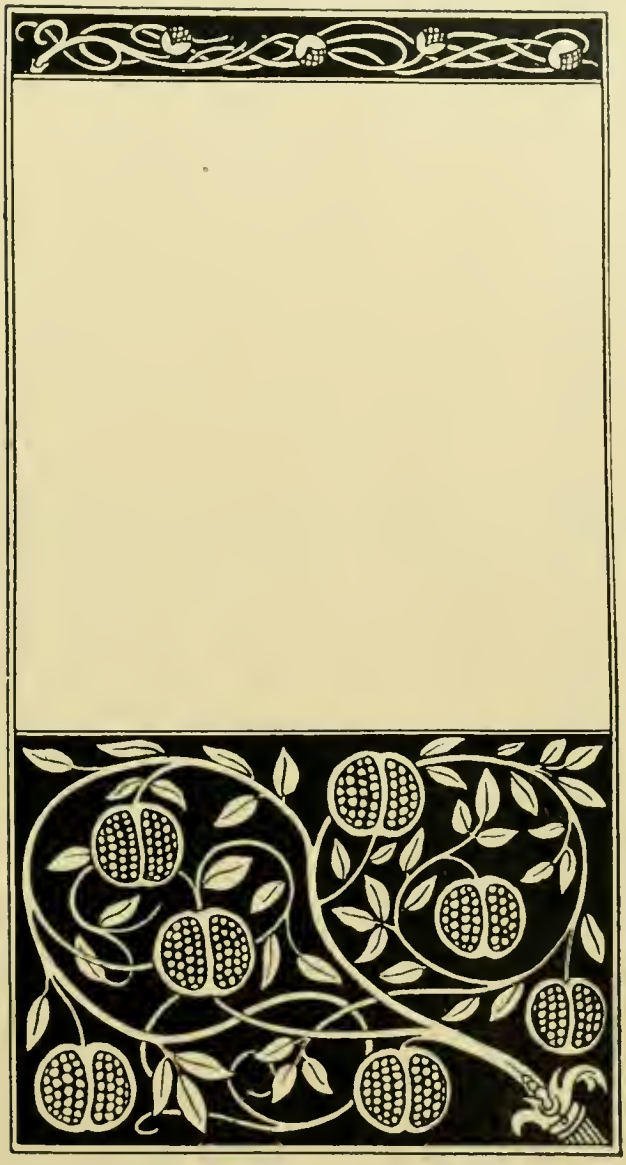
Design for Cover of 'A Child of the Age'



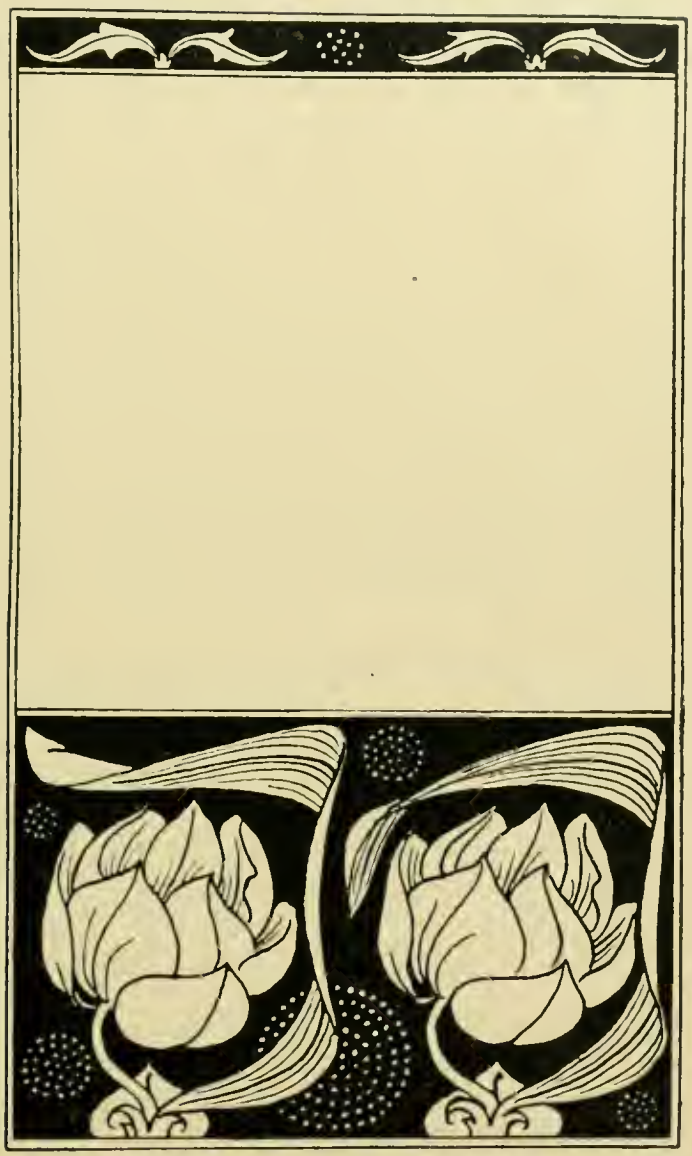
Design for Cover of 'The Great God Pan'

Design for Cover of 'Discords'

Design for Cover of 'Prince Zaleski'



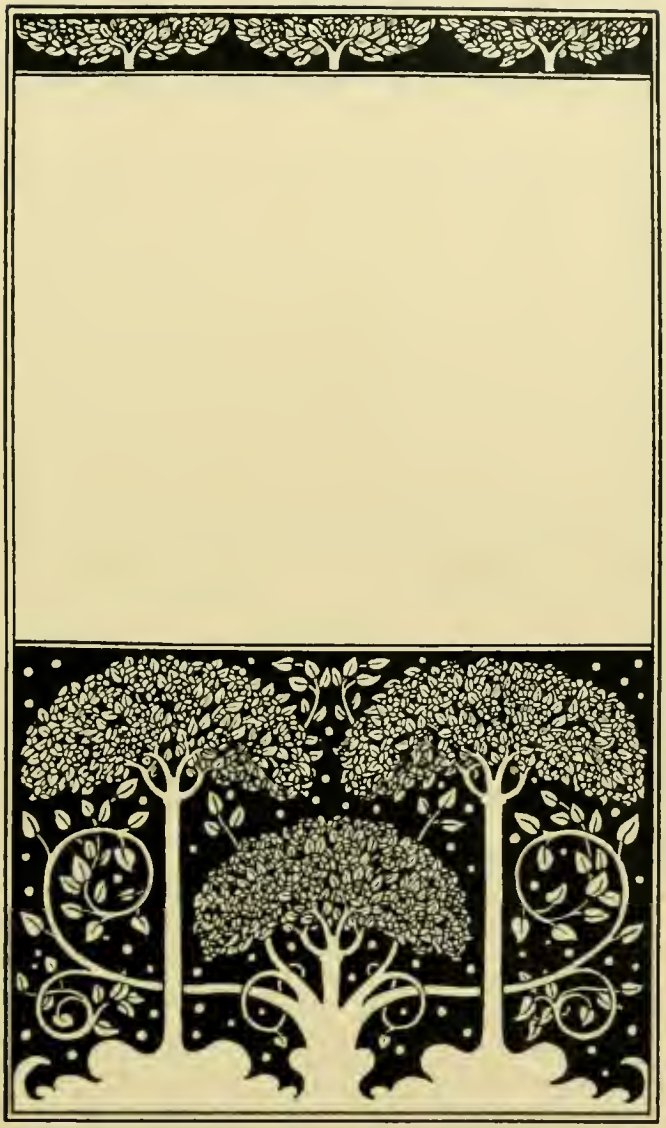
Design for Cover of 'The Woman Who Did'



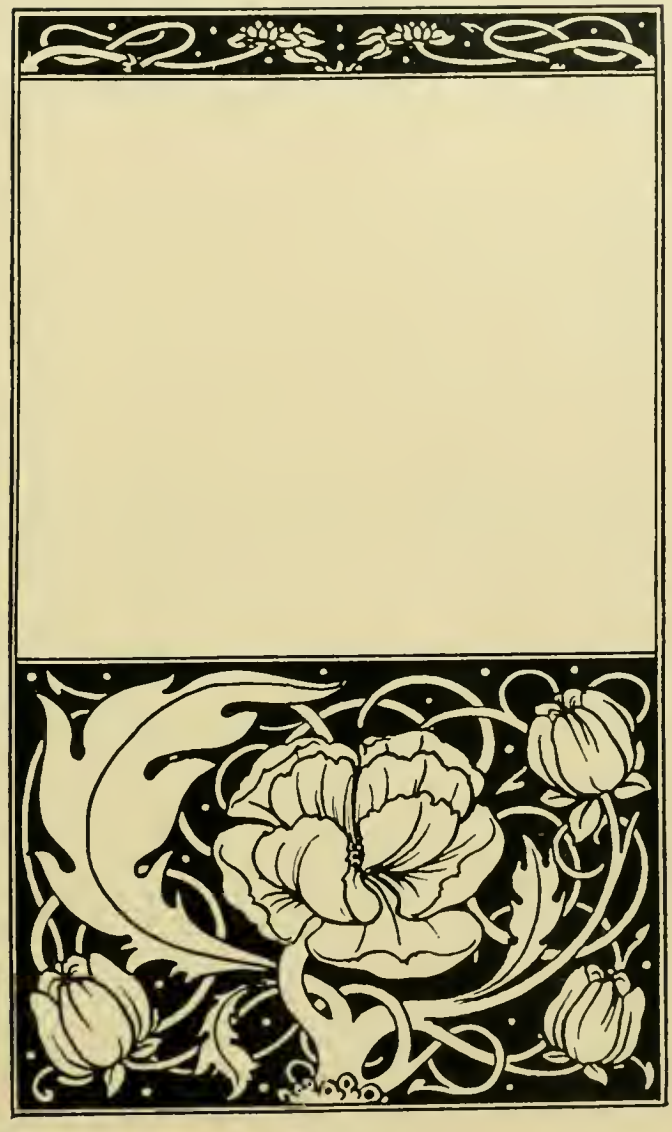
Design for Cover of 'Women's Tragedies'

Design for Cover [illegible] Women's Tragedies

Design for Cover of 'Grey Roses'

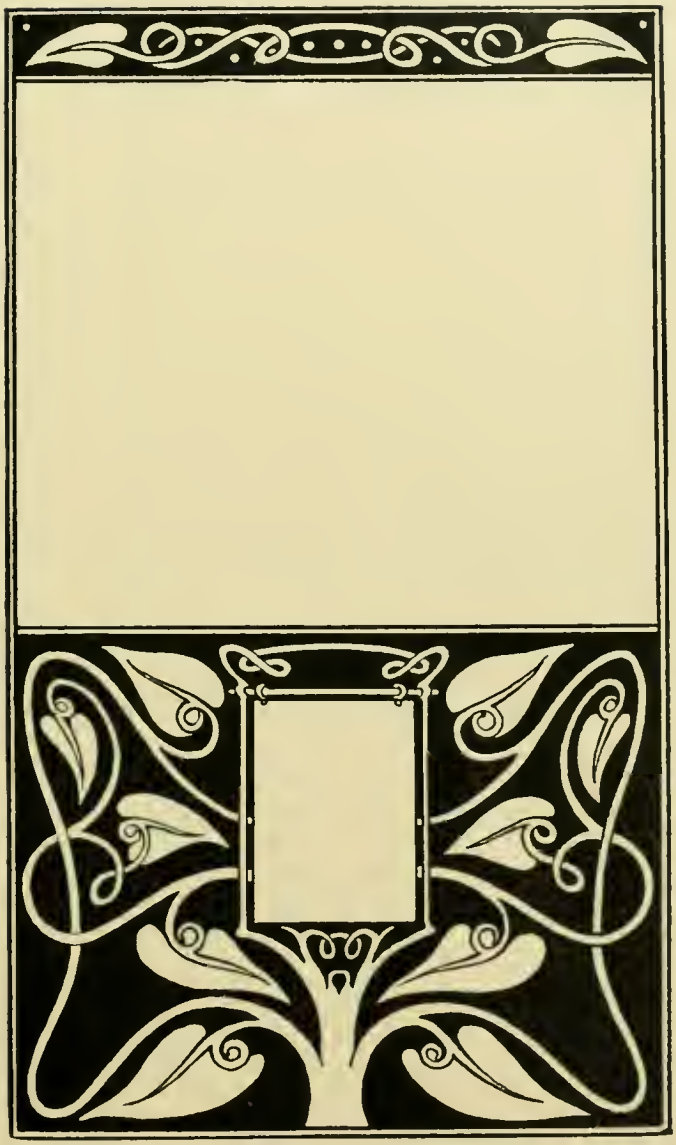


Design for Cover of 'At the First Corner'

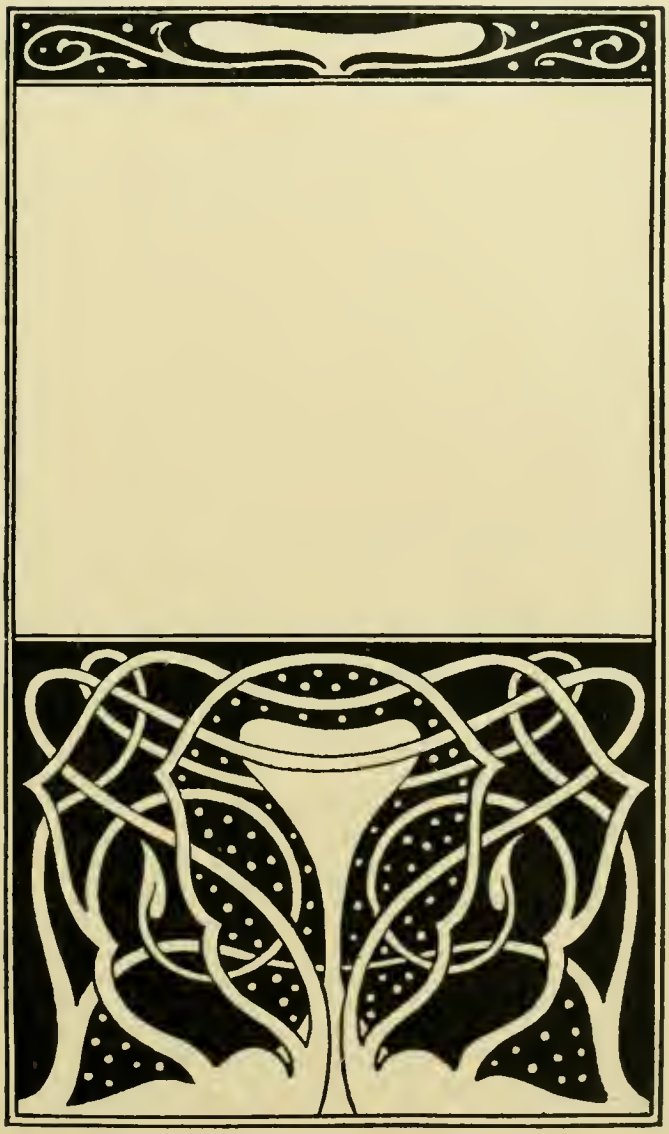


Design for Cover of 'Monochromes'

Design for Cover of 'At the Relton Arms'



Design for Cover of 'The Girl from the Farm'

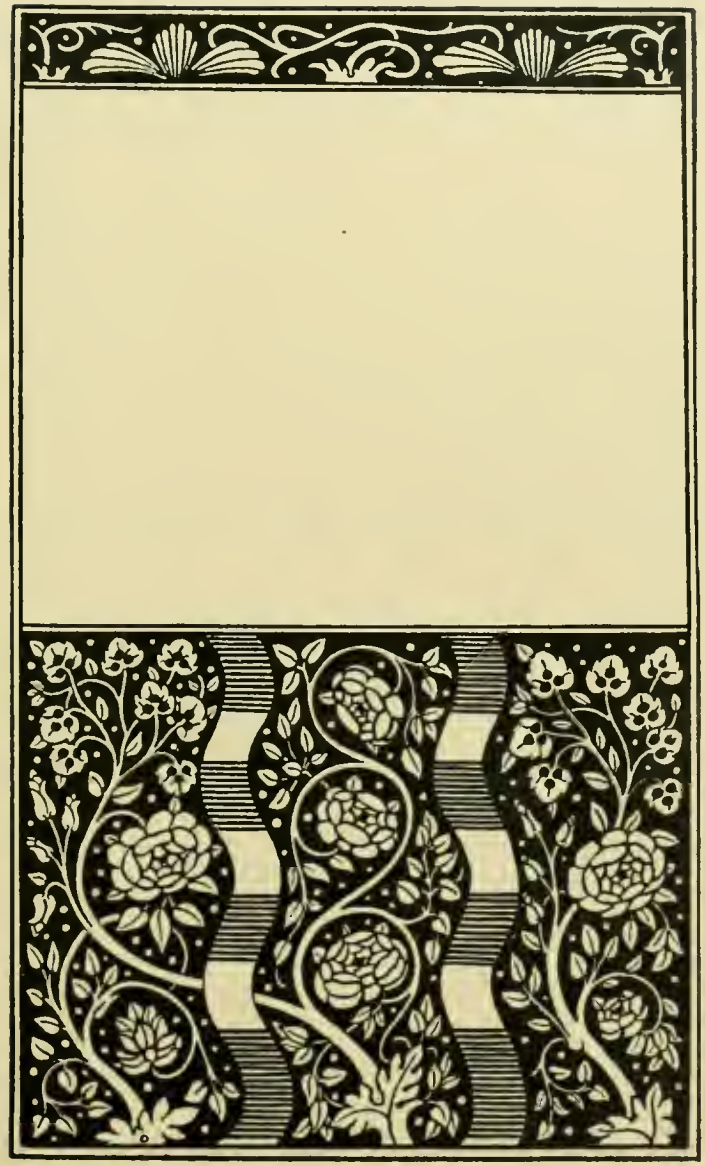


Design for Cover of 'The Mirror of Music'

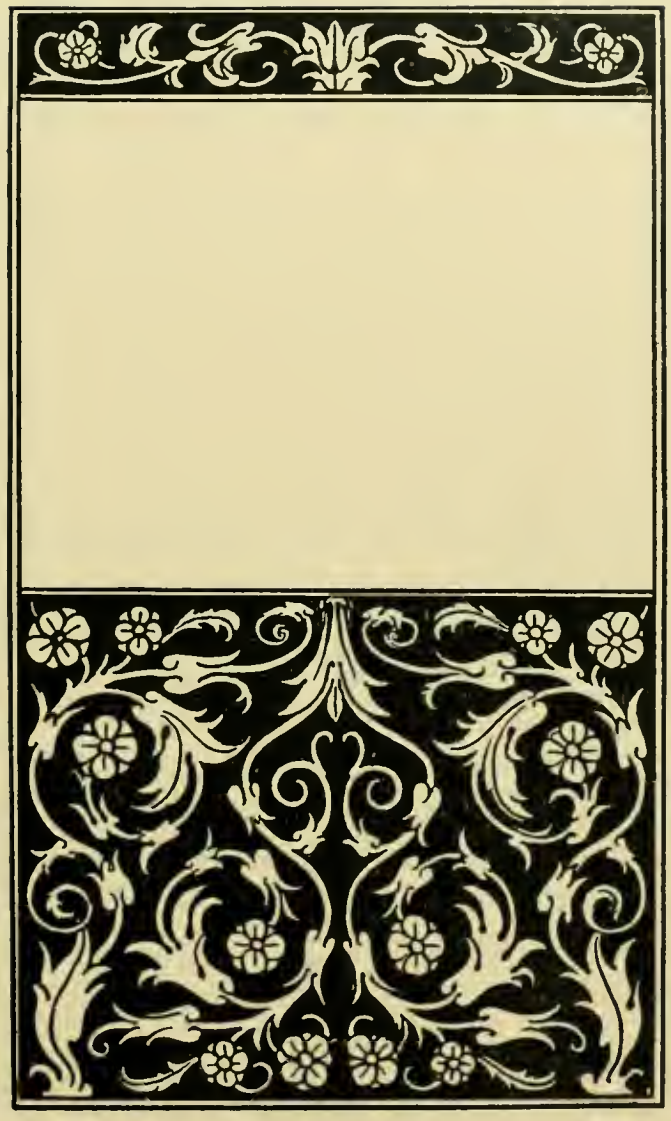
Design for Cover of 'Yellow and White'

Design for Cover of 'The Mountain Lovers'

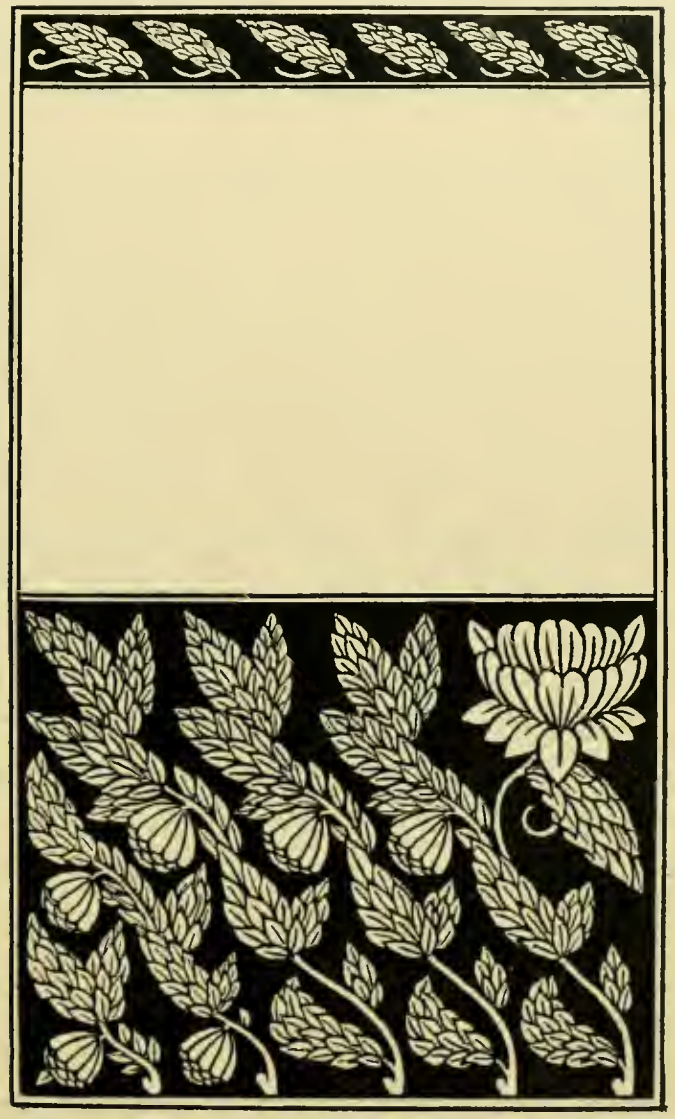
Design for Cover of 'The Woman who Didn't'



Design for Cover of 'The Three Impostors'

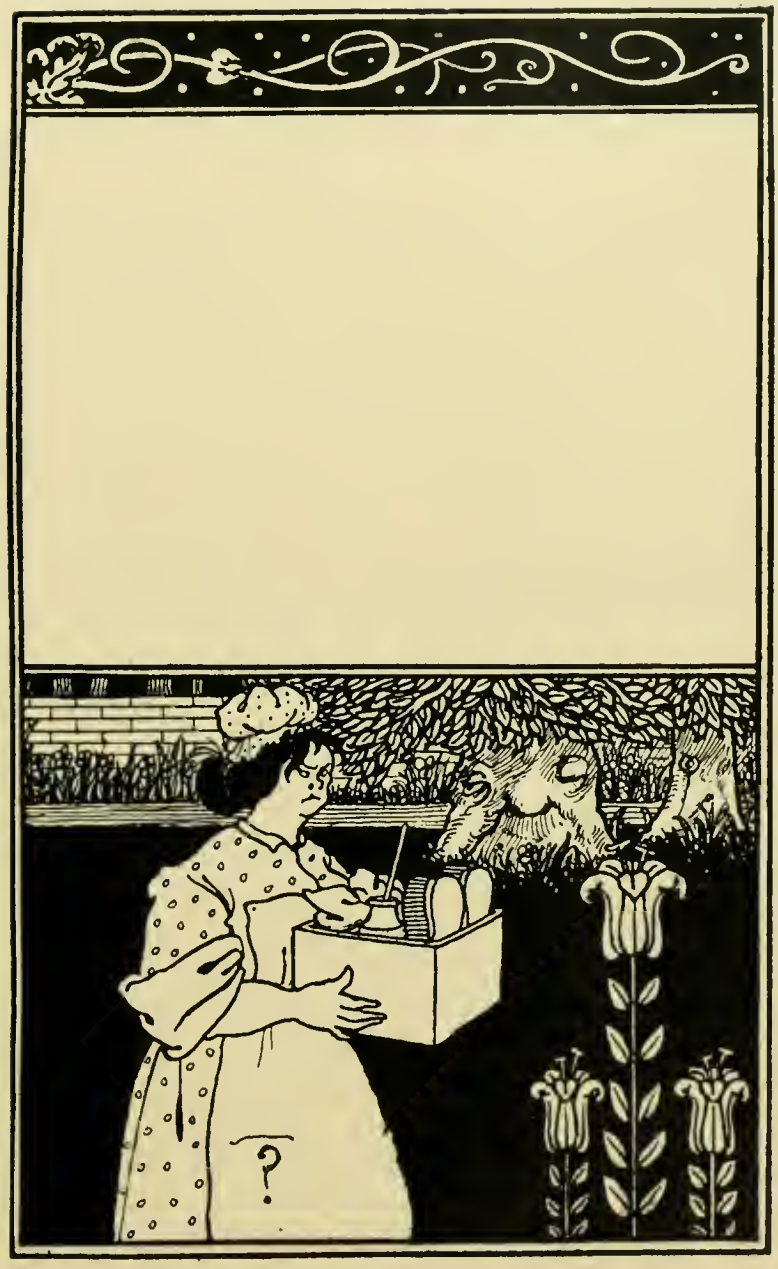


Design for Cover of 'Nobody's Fault'

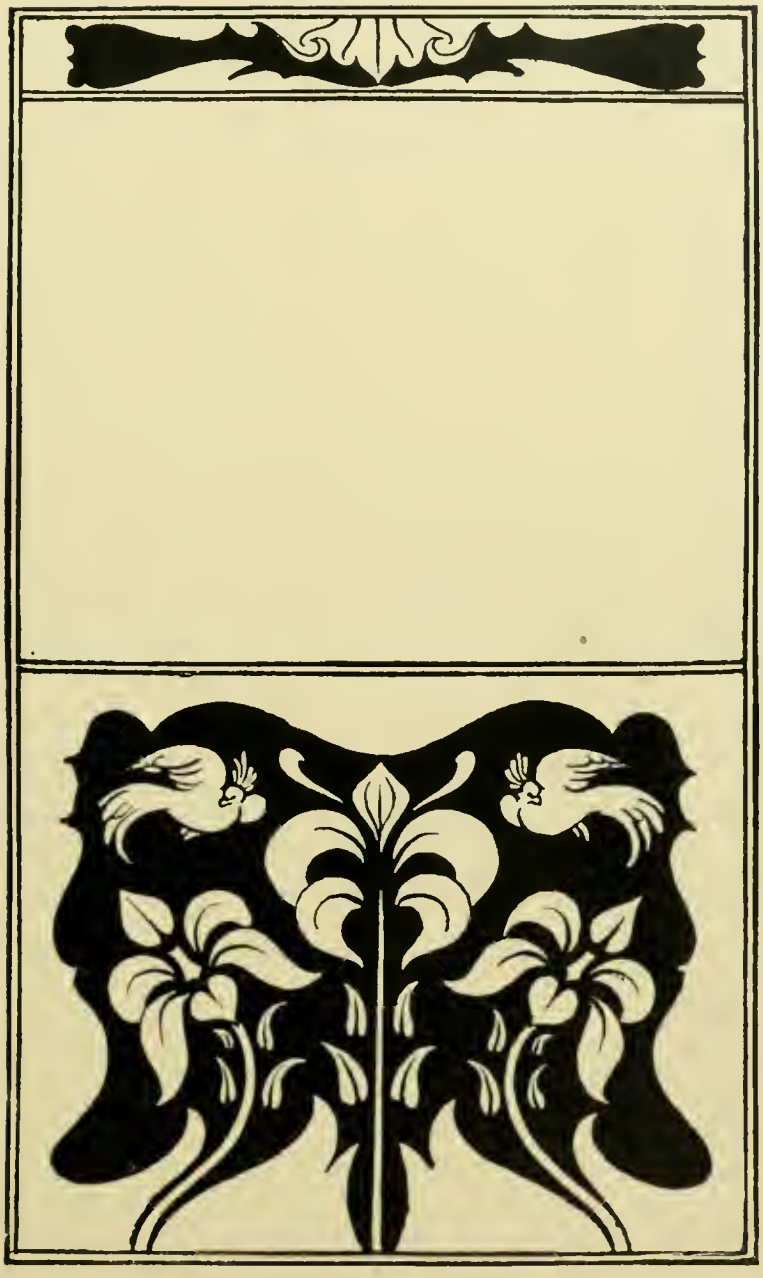


Design for Cover of 'The British Barbarians'

Design for Cover of 'The Barbarous Britishers'



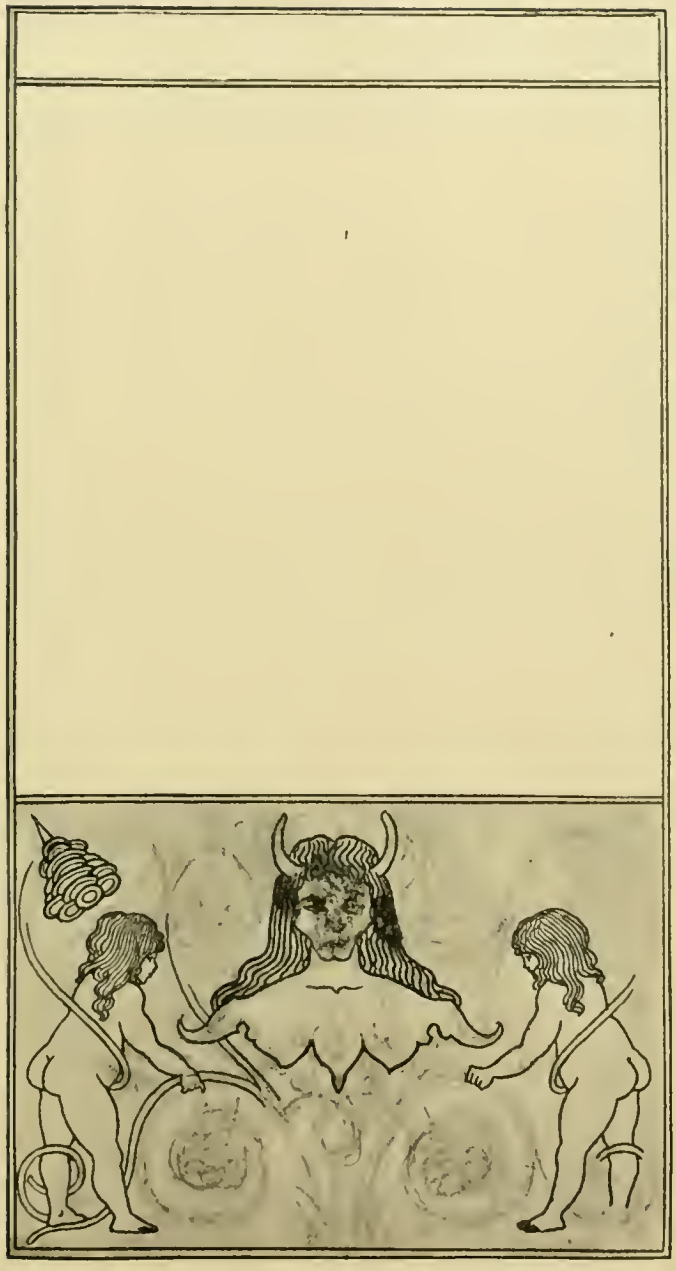
Design for Cover of 'Platonic Affections'



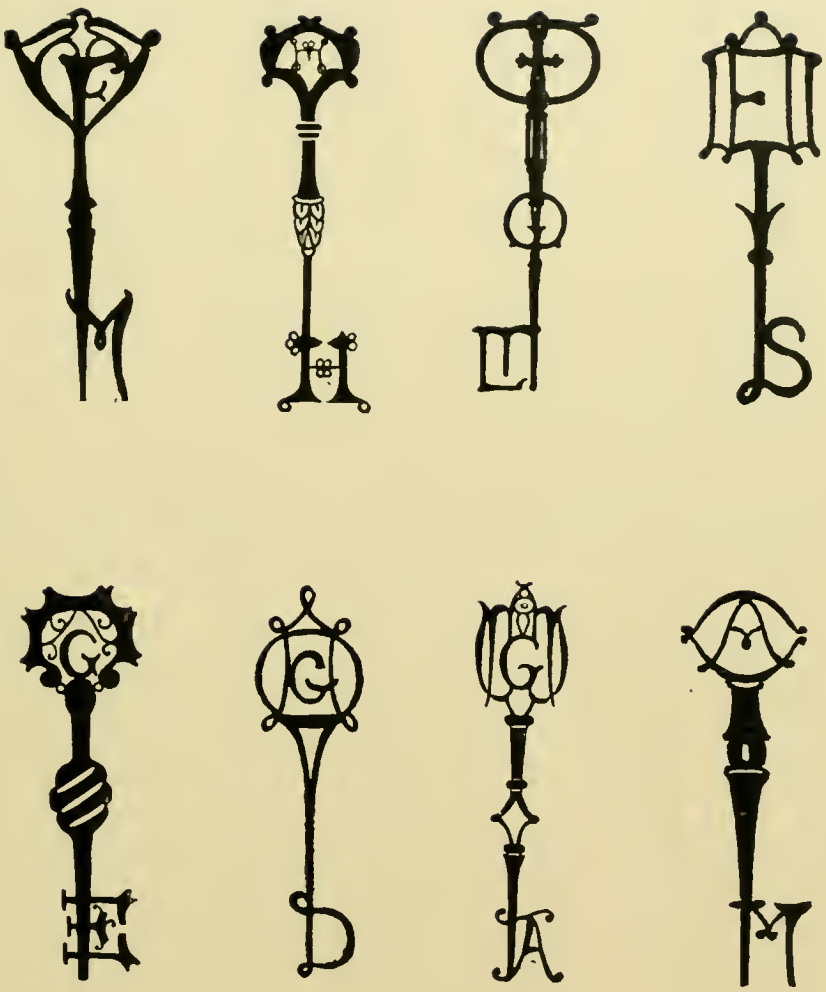
Design for Cover of 'Young Ofeg's Ditties'

Design for Title-page of 'Pagan Papers'

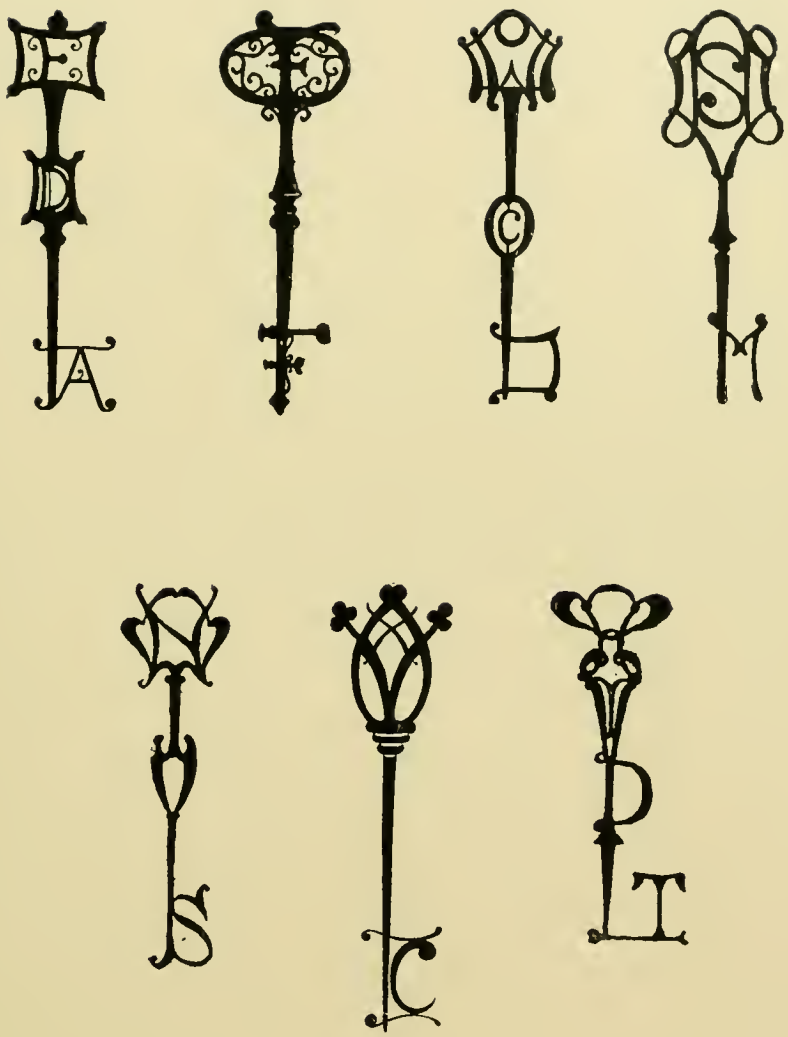
Unfinished Sketch for 'The Great God Pan'



Eight Initial Keys, from backs of 'Keynotes' Series



Seven Initial Keys, from backs of 'Keynotes' Series



Initial Key, designed for cutting in Gold

Design for Cover of 'Keynotes Circular'

Design for an Invitation Card

THE YELLOW SUCK
THE BIGGLE HEAD

Design for Menu of Playgoers' Club

By permission of Mr. Carl Hentschel.

FOUNDED
1884

Design for Golf Card

By permission of Mr. R. Hippesley Cox.

AVBREY
BEARDSLEY

Outline Portrait of Himself

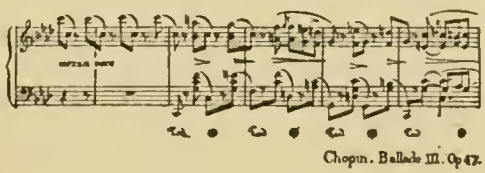
From 'Posters in Miniature.'

A Nocturne of 'Chopin'

Hitherto unpublished.

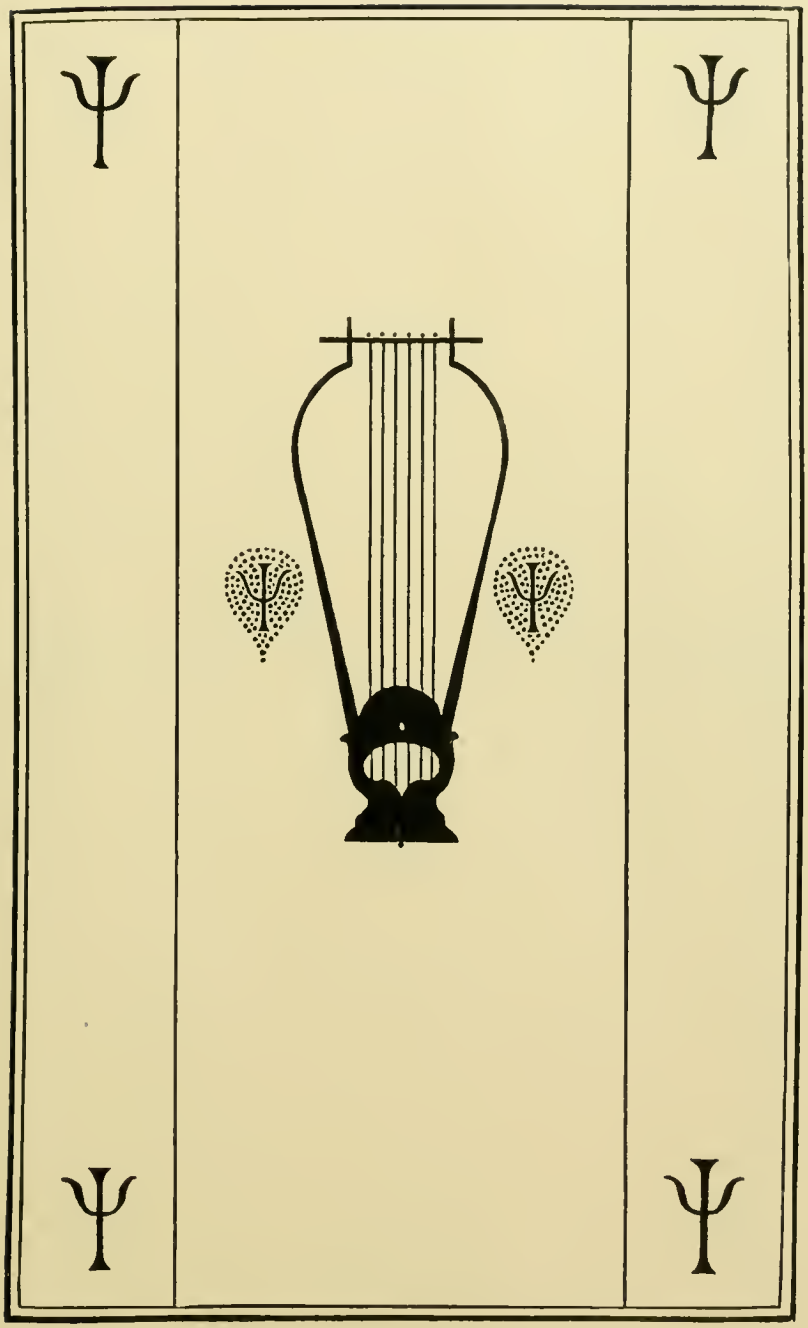
Chopin, Ballade III. Op. 47

From 'The Studio.' By permission of Mr. Charles Holme.

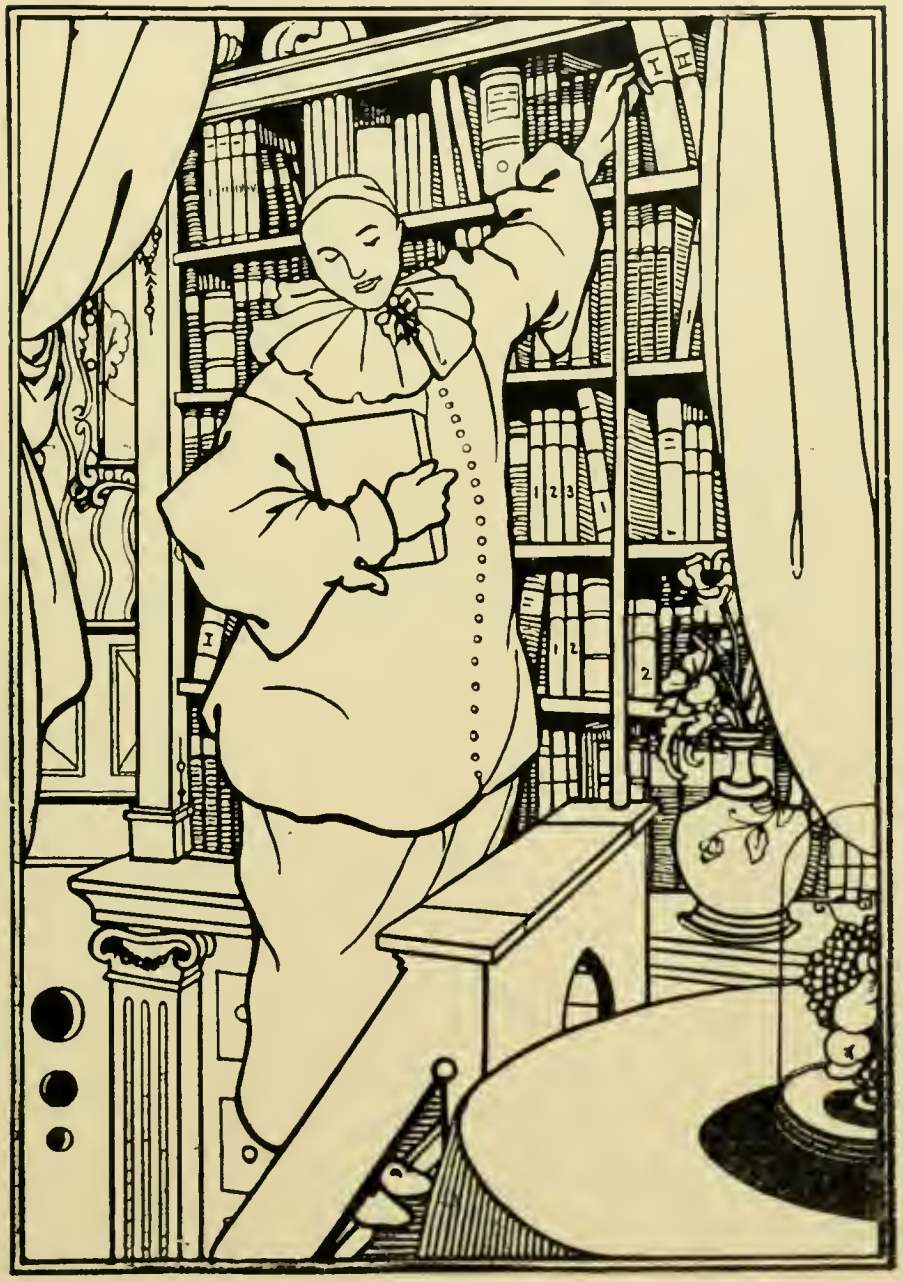


Chopin. Ballade III. Op 47.

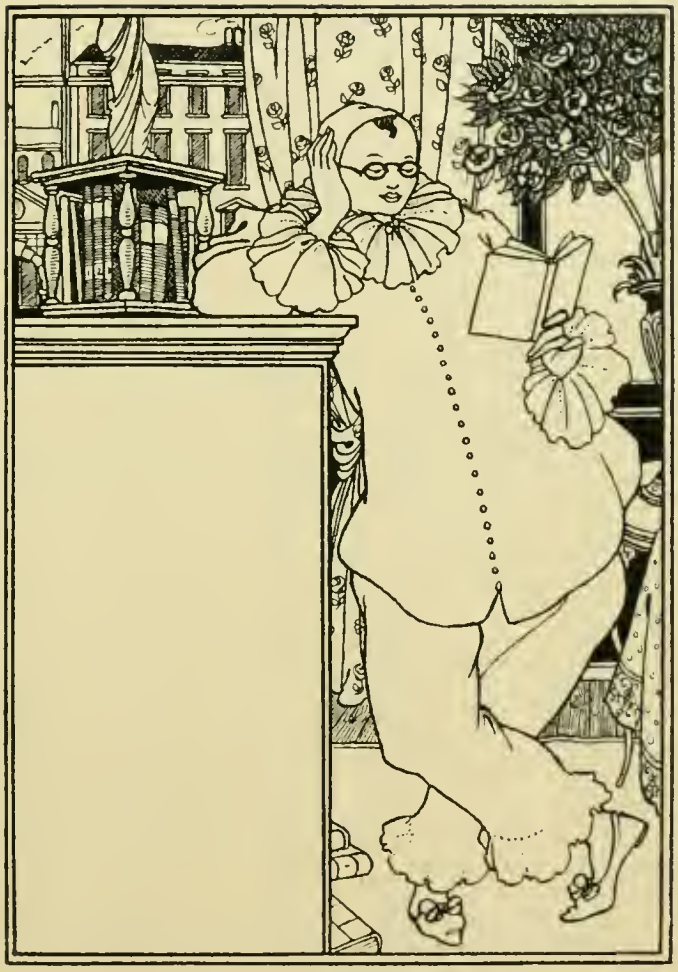
Design for Cover of Wharton's 'Sappho'



Design for Front Cover of 'Pierrot'



Design for Title-page of 'Pierrot'



Design for End-paper of 'Pierrot'

AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

Design for End-paper of 'Pierrot'

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

Design for Reverse Cover of 'Pierrot'

Book Plate

By permission of Miss Olive Custance

EX LIBRIS
OLIVE
CVSTANCE
A.B.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and his Bauble

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Budget.*

Four Designs for 'The New Coinage'

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Budget.*

SIR
J. MILLAIS.
RA.

BVRNE
JONES
ARA

DEMOS REX
WALTER
CRANE

WHISTLER

Sir Henry Irving as 'Becket'

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Budget*.

Becket.
A Beardsley

Miss Ellen Terry in 'Becket'

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Budget*.

MISS
TERRY.
Beardsley.

Four Sketches from 'Becket,' at the Lyceum

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Budget*.

MASTER
LEO.

MARGERY

THE
COMPOSER

THE
KING
MAKES
A MOVE
ON
THE BOARD.

Two Sketches from 'Becket,' at the Lyceum

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Buaget.*

MR
GORDON
CRAIG
SAB
a/46'

QVEEN
ELEANOR

Emile Zola and the Académie Française

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Budget*.

L'ACADÉMIE F

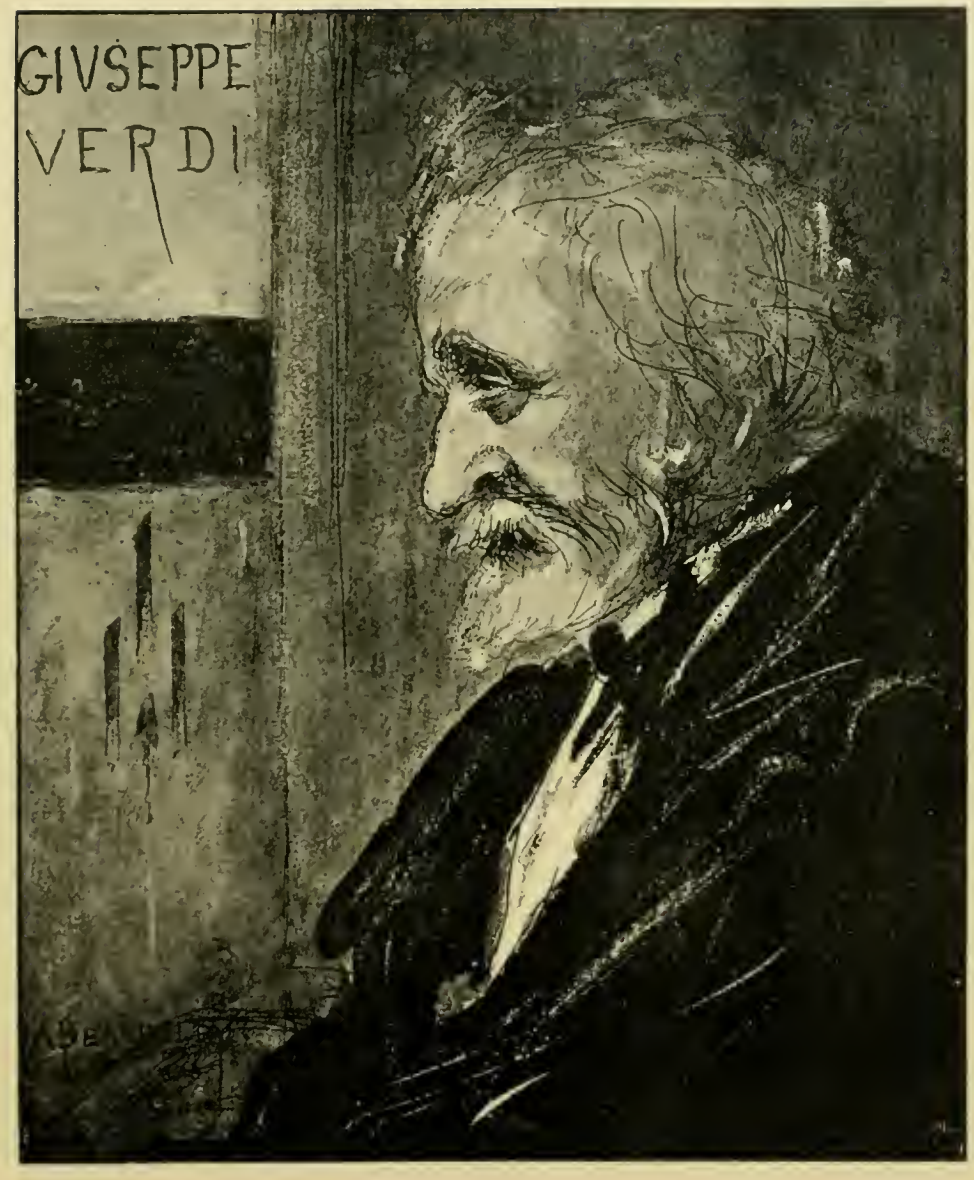
Portrait of Emile Zola

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Budget.*

EMILE
ZOLA.

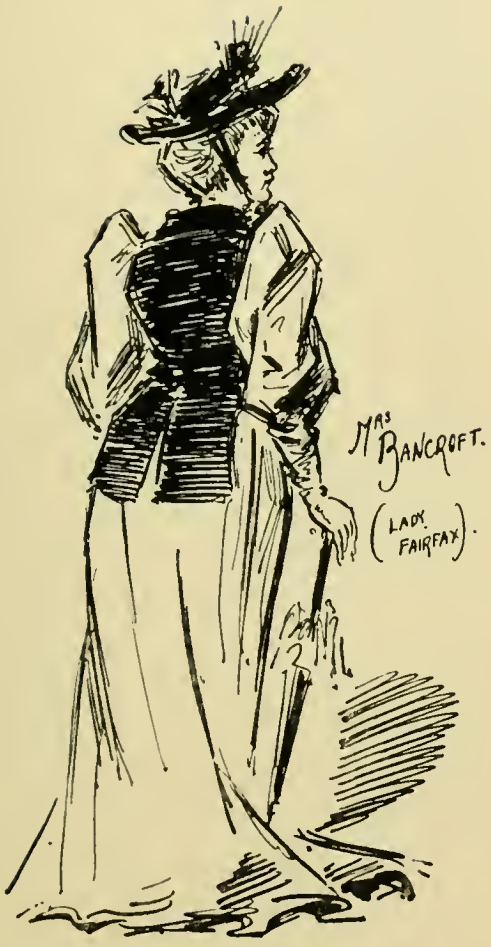
Portrait of Verdi

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Budget.*


GIVSEPPE
VERDI

Sketches of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, in 'Diplomacy,' at the Garrick Theatre

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Budget.*


Mrs Bancroft.
(Lady Fairfax).

Mr Bancroft
(Count Orloff)

'Æneas' on the Links

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Budget.*

Two Sketches from 'Orpheus,' at the Lyceum

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Budget.*

SOME DRESSES IN THE CHORVS.

ORPHEVS (MISS CLARA BUTT)

Two Sketches from 'Orpheus,' at the Lyceum

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Budget.*

ONE OF
THE SPIRITS
(ACT II)

Portrait of Jules Ferry

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Buaget.*

A BEARDSLEY

Mr. Harrison's Ideal Novelist

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Budget.*

PROPERTY
BOX

Sketch of Mr. Pennell as 'The Devil of Notre Dame'

By permission of the Proprietor of *The Pall Mall Budget*.

E.L.
Jagger B.

A Poster Design

By permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

Signature, from the reverse cover of 'Salome'

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Connecticut
Libraries

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